

The **Leatherneck**

JUN 9 '44F



Life on a Bulls Eye

Number 1 Spot on a
Japanese Milk Run

JUNE 25c

4
4
XU

BUY MORE BONDS
FOR VICTORY

*Turn Over
a New Leaf*

*Change to Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields for all
the satisfying pleasure a good cigarette can give you*

There is no mystery why more and more smokers are changing
to Chesterfields... for the answer is both simple and to the
point... *Right Combination - World's Best Tobaccos*... there you
have Chesterfield's 5-Key words for more smoking pleasure.

WATCH THE CHANGE TO

CHESTERFIELD

Over the Editor's Shoulder



Pacific Edition

THIS is the last edition of **THE LEATHERNECK** in its present format that will be distributed in the Pacific theater of war for some time to come.

Starting with July, a special new Pacific edition of the magazine will be distributed in combat zones. This edition will have forty pages of the regular size and will be issued twice a month.

Many of the features of the state-side magazine will appear in the overseas edition. There will be several new features as well, all included in response to the demands of our readers expressed in letters we have been receiving. Among the new features will be a two-page sports section and an expanded Gist of the news.

Because state-side Marines have easier access to newspapers and news magazines, Gist will be dropped from the state-side edition starting in July.

Just as the state-side edition will not be available overseas, the Pacific edition will not be available for distribution within the continental United States.

Your Pacific edition will be printed by the offset process from material prepared in Washington, photographed in New York, and flown from there to the printing point. The best available means of transportation will be used to get the magazine to all of the areas in the Pacific where Marines are assigned.

The overseas edition will carry no advertising and will sell for a dime. Look for it next month.

THE LEATHERNECK, JUNE, 1944

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 7

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G.E. Salute

THE MEN IN THE SER

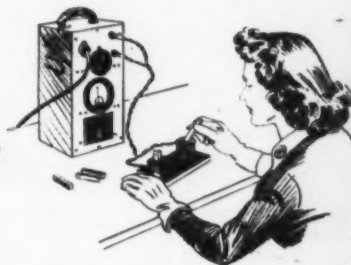


ROUGHHOUSE

It's better to destroy turbosuperchargers in a test area than planes crack up over Europe or the Pacific because of mechanical failure. That's why General Electric gives such rigorous tests to the turbosuperchargers whose job it is to cram oxygen into the engines' cylinders at high altitudes.

There's a driving turbine, for example, that can bring standard supercharger wheels and impellers from a standstill to 30,000 rpm in approximately sixty seconds. But the test doesn't stop there. They make the wheels go faster and faster until they burst.

It takes more than the normal running speed to make a wheel burst apart—and when it does, flying fragments raise a cloud of dust and six inches high on the outside of a laminated steel safety shield is seven inches thick. The more speed it takes to destroy a turbosupercharger part, the better G-E engineers like it; because that means a wide margin of safety when turbosuperchargers are doing their work above the earth.



HANDLED WITH CARE

But there wouldn't be any equipment left for slugging the Germans and Japs if everything were tested to destruction. On the other hand, General Electric has just developed a new instrument, the Rockwell C hardness comparator, which tests the quality of small ferrous parts of any size and shape. The comparator measures hardness very accurately and catches other variations in composition without damaging the part being tested.

The instrument is portable and easy to use. The operator inserts parts previously determined to be acceptable into coils, and by turning knobs sets an indicator hand at zero. Then he removes one of the parts and replaces it by a part which is to be tested. If the indicator moves from zero beyond the acceptable range, the part is rejected; if it moves only slightly, the part may be used with confidence. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Quartet" 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" newscast 10 p.m. EWT, CBS—weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS

The best investment in the world is in this
BUY WAR BONDS

ghts.
er!
n on



that *big bright smile*. For
a winning smile will
often make everything
six, two and even.

A BIG BRIGHT SMILE DOES THE TRICK



ATION WELL IN HAND

Brighten up that smile with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste. It cleans teeth effectively, because it contains the equivalent of 75% genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, also neutralizes on contact harmful mouth acids which are a frequent cause of tooth decay and gum irritation.

Get a tube of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste or equally effective Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Powder today from your PX or elsewhere. You'll have the teeth-cleaning situation well in hand. Like its delightful minty flavor. Leaves your mouth in the whiff of springtime.



★ Sound Off ★



Celia Haskell

OUR GIRLS

Sirs:
In March Sound-Off Chris Privas suggests THE LEATHERNECK publish pictures of girls Marines have left behind. I like the idea so here's my girl. Her name is Celia Haskell and she lives in Florida. Just call her "Teenie" for short.
PFC Leslie Albright.
Boca Chica, Fla.



Mrs. Mark W. Rider.

Sirs:
Me too . . . only my best girl is my wife who lives in Carlisle, Pa. Here she is with our son who is pretty nice, too.
PFC Mark W. Rider.
New River, N. C.



Mickey Sandefur

Sirs:
And I'd like to show-off my little "Y'all Gal" from Cowtown in the middle of Texas.

FAITHFUL

Sirs:
My girl friend, Georgette Vanacore of Bloomfield, N. J., is the sweetie-pie of Marine Corp. Jack Soriano who was overseas for two years . . . and she's still faithful!

Margaret Sullivan.
539 Driggs Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Georgette Vanacore

CHINA DUTY

Sirs:
I sometimes think the Chinese like Americans for the same reasons that we like Bob Hope; our sense of humor. One afternoon I was walking down Shanghai's crowded Nanking Road with another Marine. Suddenly he let out a veritable DI's bellow and the Chinese crowd scattered and left a clear path for us. I saw some pretty sour expressions among the crowd, but most of them thought it was a pretty good joke on them. Marines always were popular with the Chinese. At the Sun Sun's Department store the young salesboys followed us around like a circus whenever we came in to buy anything. I think LEATHERNECK readers would be interested in reading of experiences of other Ex-4th Marines.

SupSgt. Dallas T. James.
The South Pacific.

• *Right. Come on, you Asiatics, let's have your tales.—Eds.*

EX-SARGE

Sirs:
An old time ex-quartermaster sergeant would like to hear from any old timers who served in the Marines from 1907 to 1920.

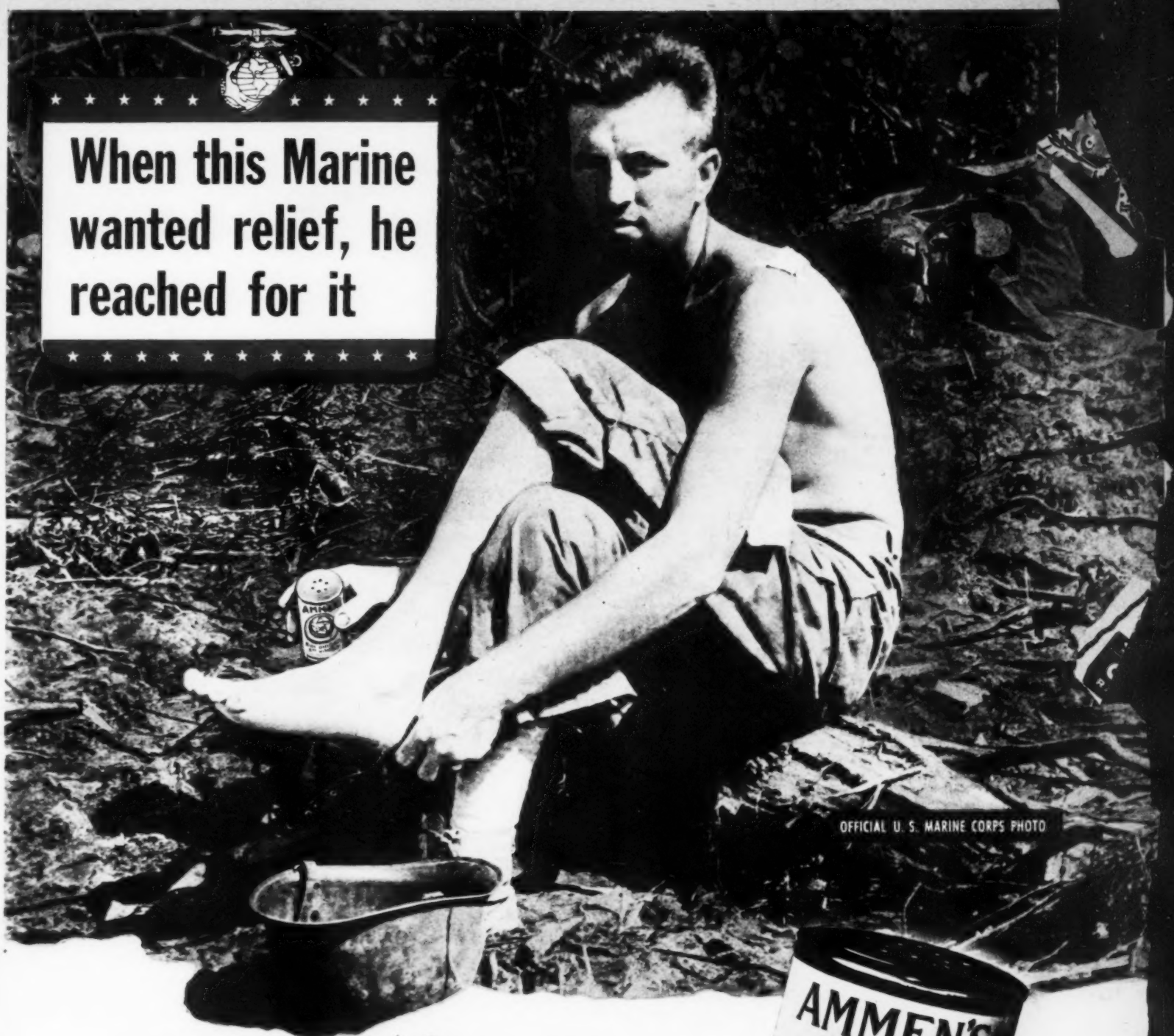
Claud Johnson.
Gen. Del.,
Munford, Ala.

VETS HOME

Sirs:
Sgt. Underhill suggests the establishment of a Marine Corps veterans' home (LEATHERNECK-Dec. '43). We agree. We believe many Marines would be glad to have a home.



When this Marine
wanted relief, he
reached for it



OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

AMMEN'S TRIPLE ACTION POWDER

"KEEPS YOUR SKIN AT EASE"

Relieves rashes, itching and other forms of irritation—makes abused feet forget what they've endured. That's why, wherever Uncle Sam's fighting marines go—from the blistering tropics to the biting Arctic—AMMEN'S POWDER goes along. For America's toughest fighting force has discovered that this long established powder is the "human skin's best friend" under all conditions. More than a skin comfort—an antiseptic skin health powder! AMMEN'S not only absorbs perspiration and soothes irritated tissues—it also provides positive, proved protection against bacterial growth, because . . .

**IT'S ABSORBENT... ANALGESIC
AND ANTISEPTIC!**



- FOR
- ★ PRICKLY HEAT
 - ★ INSECT BITES
 - ★ SUNBURN
 - ★ NETTLE RASH
 - ★ CHAFING
 - ★ And all minor skin and foot irritations.

CHARLES AMMEN COMPANY, Ltd., Alexandria, Louisiana

★ ★ ★ ASK FOR AMMEN'S AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE ★ ★ ★

LGATE CLOSE - UPS

Was My Face Red.

WHEN I USED TO SHAVE WITH THAT SISSY LATHER! BUT NO MORE SORE, SCRAPED FACE FOR ME SINCE I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S!

MODERN DESIGN... OR SOME P'N—

ANYWAY, I CALCULATE THAT I GET ABOUT 6 MONTHS SHAVING FROM EVERY GIANT TUBE OF COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM! BROTHER, THAT'S ECONOMY!

I GOT THE LOW DOWN

ON SPORTS BY LISTENING TO COLGATE'S SPORTS NEWSREEL WITH BILL STERN! IT'S ON EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT OVER THE NBC RED NETWORK AT 10:00 P.M. EASTERN TIME! LISTEN IN!

GET COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

If Your Dealer Is TEMPORARILY OUT

KEEP ON ASKING FOR R.G.DUN CIGARS

THEY'RE WORTH IT!

There are reasons why you won't always find your favorite size R. G. DUN cigar in stock. First, the millions of R. G. DUNS now going to the armed services. Second, their tremendous popularity at home. Discriminating smokers recognize in R. G. DUNS a superior cigar and want more than we can make.

SOUND OFF—(continued)

LEAGUE UNIFORM

Sirs:

The uniform referred to in Sgt. Dilley's letter (Sound Off-Feb.) is obviously that of the Marine Corps League, which is made up of Marines and Ex-Marines. So that your readers will be able to recognize the uniform the next time they see it, here is a picture of one. Inside it is New York State Commandant, Harry Kinney.

Gordon E. Davis.
Marine Corps League,
Endicott (N. Y.) Detachment.



Harry Kinney

* To Sound Off editor a week's EPD for doping off on League's uniform. MCL was incorporated by Congress in 1937, lists among its purposes: preservation of traditions and promotion of interests of USMC, maintenance of true allegiance to American institutions, rendering of assistance to all Marines, former Marines, their widows and orphans.—Eds.

LOST EFFECTS

Sirs:

I realize you do not operate an international Lost & Found bureau but would be grateful if any of your readers could give me any information about my personal effects which disappeared in the South Pacific.

1st. Lieut. A. J. Rach.
1st Marine Div. FMF,
c-o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

* Lieut. Rach should communicate through channels with OIC, USMC Effects Bureau, Naval Supply Depot, Clearfield, Utah.—Eds.

POST-WAR MEAL

Sirs:

When victory is ours I am going to have 12 Marines to my house for what I call an Italian post-war meal. Some of these Marines are in Camp Pendleton with my brother, Corp. Nicholas J. Moutalbano, and some are overseas. Hurry up, you Marines, finish those Japs so both you and I can have a beautiful dream come true.

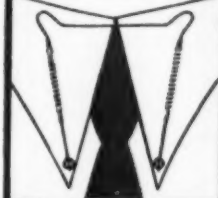
Ann Moutalbano. Brooklyn.

Servicemen demand
Spiffy
COLLAR STAYS

HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN



INVISIBLE UNDER COLLAR



The Stay with the Self-Adjusting Spring

EASY ON EASY OFF

Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.

BEFORE

AFTER



COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS AT ARMY AND PX STORES

The General paid with a Travelers Cheque... and so did Private Brown



Always carry

BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

They're cashable everywhere, self-identifying, insure your money against loss or theft.



Backed by the resources of a three billion dollar bank

Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere

Issued by Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

London, England, Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4.



People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work; also that regular recreation and relaxation are essential to accomplishment. In your well-earned leisure, select a beverage of moderation. A tall, stately glass of Budweiser is a standing invitation to make your moments of relaxation complete.



Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. . . . SAINT LOUIS

CHOCOLATE VANILLA MAPLE COFFEE



Yes GOLDEN STATE POWDERED ICE CREAM MIX IN 4 FAVORITE FLAVORS

...and 4 winning qualities!
... It has that good "Home-
town" taste, it's nourishing,
satisfying, and has top-popu-
larity.

Write or wire for additional
information and Free Mixing
and Serving Manual to

GOLDEN STATE COMPANY, LTD.
425 Battery Street
San Francisco (11), Calif.



All 4 flavors in 25½ lb. or 4¼ lb. containers—with
directions lithographed on the metal in waterproof inks.

"HAPPY MENDING" FOR MARINES

PULL E-Z SEWING KIT

It's the most popular sewing kit
in the Armed Forces. Includes
everything needed for quick
mending: needles, buttons, pins,
scissors, darning wool and the
famous Pull E-Z Thread.



INCLUDES THE FAMOUS
PULL E-Z THREAD



Pull Out The Thread
In The Color You Need

ATTENTION: POST EXCHANGES
If you do not carry this fast
selling, essential sewing kit,
send your order at once—or
write for samples and prices.
E-Z THREAD CO., 519 6TH AVE., N.Y.C.

ASK FOR THE PULL E-Z SEWING KIT
At Your P. X., Canteen, or Ship's Service Store

SOUND OFF—(continued)

LETTER FROM "MOM"

Sirs:

For more than two years I have
been senior hostess at our Serv-
ice Men's Center in Greenville,
N. C. Here I have met thousands
of the fine Marines from Camp
LeJeune and Cherry Point as
well as those who comprise the
squadrons stationed here.

I am "Mom" Savage to hun-
dreds and thousands of them and
I boast that I know more Mar-
ines by their first names than
any civilian in North Carolina
and probably the east coast. I am
now writing to approximately 500
boys in all branches of the serv-
ice and have a schedule of writing
17 letters a day. Since I don't
type it takes quite a while to get
around to each boy and as they
are so faithful in writing to me,
I want them to know I am think-
ing of them all the time. Would
it be possible for me to send an
"open letter" to "my sons" through
THE LEATHER-
NECK where they would all be
sure to see it?

Mrs. J. L. Savage.

400 Rotary Ave.,
Greenville, N. C.



"Mom" Savage.

• **THE LEATHERNECK**
is happy to be "go-between"
for "Mom" Savage and her
"sons." See below.—Eds.

Dear "Sons":

My "family" has grown to such
proportions that I am unable to
write to each of you as often as
I used to or as I want to. So will
each of you, my sons, consider
this a personal letter to you?

To all of you, the boys who
have called me "Mom", wherever
you are, I send my greetings and
best wishes. When I read about
what you are doing I nearly
burst with pride. I feel that I
am the most fortunate person in
the world to have had the priv-
ilege of knowing you and "adopt-
ing" you as my sons. No mother
could be happier or prouder of
her sons than am I for I know
that our Marine Corps is the
most magnificent and efficient
fighting organization in the
world and that it is made up
of the finest men in the world.

Remember, sons, that wherever
you are, whatever you may be
doing, my prayers are being said
for you and my thoughts are
with you. I love you all very
much. God bless you and bring
you safely home.

"Mom" Savage.



Turn Page

MARINES



Here's way to guard your lips

against roughness, dryness,
soreness — and other externally
caused lip troubles

From Alaska to Africa, thousands of
men in the services have discovered a
way to guard lips against roughness, dry-
ness, soreness, cracking — and other pain-
ful lip troubles caused by sun, wind, dust
and weather.

You simply apply Chap Stick, the
remarkable preparation that's especially
made for the lips. Chap Stick is gently
medicated. It lubricates, soothes, pro-
motes healing — and helps protect your
lips against painful and unsightly lip con-
ditions.

Get Chap Stick at your Ship's Service
Store or any drug counter. Only 25¢.
Look for the name Fleet's to be sure of
getting the genuine Chap Stick.



Trademark Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.

On duty with U. S. Forces from
Alaska (40 below) to Africa (140 above)

Insure Gun Protection with HOPPE'S No. 9

This positive cleaner not only
ASSURES complete removal of
primer, powder and metal fouling
but it INSURES gun protection be-
cause it prevents rust and pitting.
Your gun dealer or PX store sells
Hoppe's No. 9 or send us 10c for
sample. Get the full story in our
"Gun Cleaning Guide" sent FREE
upon post card request.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.

2305 N. 8th St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.



★ MARINE ★ OFFICERS' UNIFORMS Accessories & Equipment

Cut to Marine Specifications

OFFICERS' DRESS BLUES, COAT AND PANTS	\$55.00
OFFICERS' ELASTIQUE GREENS, COAT AND PANTS	\$56.50
OFFICERS' GREEN WHIPCORDS, COAT AND PANTS	\$46.00

Also officers tropical worsted, Gabardine, etc.
Write now for 1944 price list, measurement
blank, sample uniform fabrics, & tape measure.
INQUIRIES OF ALL KINDS INVITED AND
GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

MILITARY MAIL ORDER CO.

S.E. Cor. 7th & Spruce St., Philadelphia 6, Pa.



"Mom says we're sure lucky—still getting Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish"

50

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

What Servicemen Talk About

Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.



DYANSHINE *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
4157 N. KINGSHIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

How Recruits in the know fight the Dry Scalp foe!



Once in the army it doesn't take long for sun, dust and wind...



...to dry out the scalp, make hair wild and woolly!

but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

...MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



It'll improve your hair, too!

Here's a cue for you! Men in the armed services, whose hair leads the hardest life of all, prefer 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to any other brand. Think what it will do for your hair! Comb a few drops into your hair each day...or rub directly on the scalp. Then massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing. That's all you have to do to fight Dry Scalp, keep your hair neat and well-groomed. Buy a bottle today!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS!



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

40¢ and 70¢

SOUND OFF—(continued)

FAN MAIL

Sirs:
In your editorial "Happy Birthday" (Feb. issue) you have a picture of a USMCWR who puts Grable, Landis, etc. to shame. How about some info on the girl? She's fancy, that one.

Lieut. Dick Pfuhl.
Central Pacific.

Sirs:
Honestly, fellows, I don't want an egg in my beer, I just want an autographed picture of her. It would help my morale an awful lot.

Pvt. Ted Hucal.
South Pacific.



Lt. Harsh

• The lookworthy USMC WR (Feb. p. 80) is now Lieut. Louise B. Harsh of St. Louis, wife of a lieutenant (jg) in the Navy medical corps now on duty in the South Pacific. At the time the pic was taken Lieut Harsh was a cadet at Mt. Holyoke. She is now stationed at Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif.—Eds.

NO PIN-UPS

Sirs:
THE LEATHERNECK has a tendency to glamorize both the Corps and the war. There is glamour to neither. War is a business, brutal and unpleasant, but still a business. As members of an organization whose business is war we should approach the subject with a professional and realistic eye. There is no place in a military publication for pin-up girls.

Sgt. W. J. Amestoy.
South Pacific.

• THE LEATHERNECK sees its duty as threefold: to educate (business of war), to indoctrinate (the Corps), to entertain; tries to maintain a precarious balance.—Eds.

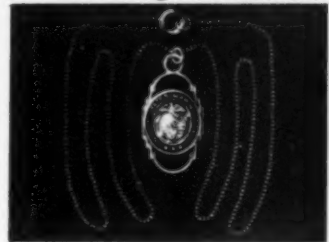
MORE PIN-UPS

Sirs:
Two Pin-Up Girls in full color and black lace, too! (March issue). Wow!! Give us more. Name Withheld.
Chicago.

• See what we mean?—Eds.
END

Your Girl Friend

—Mr. MARINE—will appreciate this fine Sterling Silver Necklace



Both chain and pendant are attractively designed. The pendant is die stamped with the Marine Corps insignia and it's enamelled in beautiful colors. Mother, wife, sister, sweetheart will wear this Necklace with pride. It's most attractive!

Price \$3.00 including Federal Tax

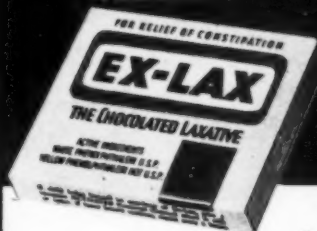
Order now from

LANDSEIRE SERVICE

10 Murray Street New York 7, N. Y.

We will mail to any address. Prompt delivery guaranteed.

When Nature Forgets... remember



—it's not too strong!
—it's not too mild!
—it's the Happy Medium Laxative!

As a precaution use only as directed.

ASK FOR EX-LAX AT YOUR P. X. AND AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG STORE

NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists

MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, 3, N. Y.

Why take a chance?

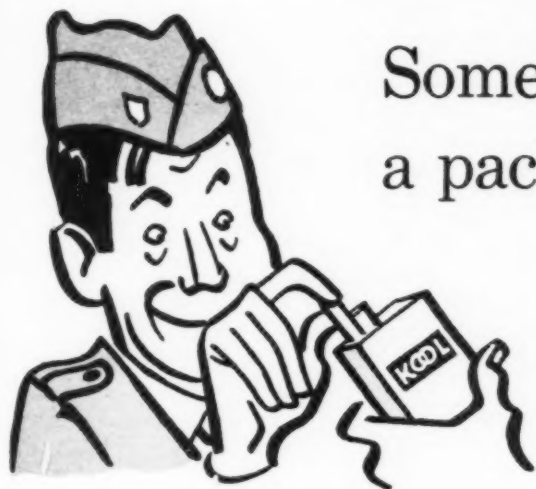
PASTEURIZED MILK is safe milk

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia, by

FARMERS CREAMERY CO., Inc.
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Remember when you had a cold?

(Your regular smokes tasted like the deuce)



Someone dealt you
a pack of KOOL

If they
suited you
so well then

(when your throat was raw)



Don't be the "dummy"...
why not
smoke 'em
all the time?

Switch from "Hots"
to KOOL *-for good!*



SICK BAY



COFF
COFF

SICK BAY, HELL !!
YOU'RE STILL BREATHIN'
AIN'TCHA ??



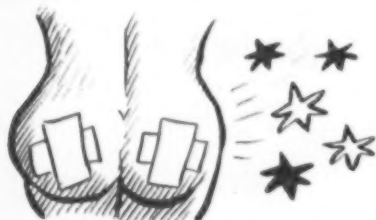
BLISTERS



THE BOOT



SERGEANT MAJOR
(CAUSED BY EAR BANGERS)



THE COMPANY CLERK

SOUTH
PACIFIC ?



NAW-
MESS HALL !!

PARRY LEFT -
PARRY RIGHT -
THRUST !!



TOOLS
OF THE
TRADE



TONSILOTOME



SCALPEL



OSTEOTOME

PRIVATE LA BUMPSY
THIS IS **NOT**
THE GAYETY !!



HAVE I GOT
A TEMPERATURE,
DOC ??



THE RUGGED "SPECIMEN"



HAVE YOU
SEEN THE
RUBBIN'
ALCOHOL,
RUSTY
??



THE G.I. WONDER PILL
GUARANTEED
TO CURE -
HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
INGROWN TOENAIL
BOONDOCK ITCH
SPLANCHNOPTOSIS
PSYCHONEUROSIS
GALLOPING CRUI
CREEPING SCIVVIES
DISHPAN HANDS
SKOPPAROOPIA



THE ALL-PURPOSE HELMET



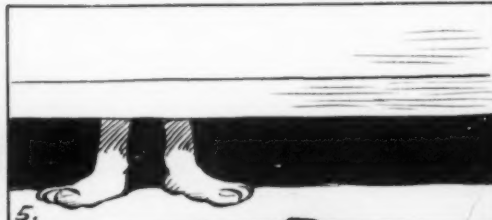
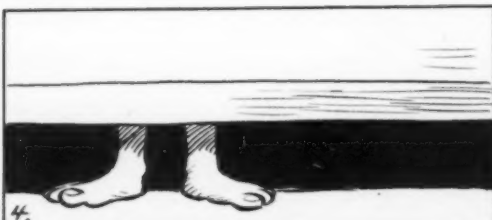
THE D.I.
SNUCK IN
ON US, SIR



VISITING VOO DOO DOCTOR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC



FRED LASSWELL



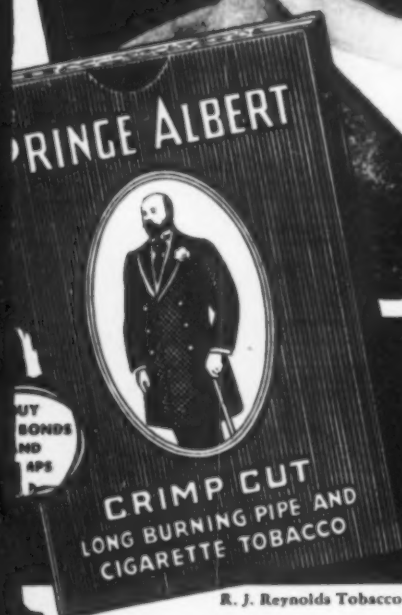
PRINCE ALBERT
FOR SMOOTH, EASY
PIPE-JOY. EASY ON MY
TONGUE_YET RICH-TASTING.
SMOKES COOLER, PACKS
EVEN, PUFFS RIGHT

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every
handy pocket package of Prince Albert



PRINCE ALBERT PUTS
THE **MILD** IN 'MAKIN'S'
SMOKES TOO_PLUS **TASTE-
JOY**. ROLLS FASTER_
NO BLOWING 'ROUND.
FIRM, GOOD ENDS

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every
handy pocket package of Prince Albert



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Straight Dope



Curare, powerful jungle liquid, has been found valuable for relaxing muscles in medical cases. What's wrong with the bottled stuff we've been getting?

Funeral director in Philadelphia advertises, "services convenient to every neighborhood." Most convenient one we know of is just outside of a Jap pillbox.

Dispatch announces: "Sailor Tossed Overboard by Wave." Just goes to prove you can't fool around with these gals any more.

Juvenile delinquents seem to be quite a problem. Suggested solution: Start at the bottom.

Thousands of "war-conscious" vacationists were stranded in Florida without return gas or rail tickets. For their plight the Marines have a good term.

Movie double feature: "Lady in the Dark"—"The Heat's On." Suggested added feature, "Is Everybody Happy?"

Camp Pendleton women may wear sweaters, a la sweater-girl style, but only under their GI shirts. We know, new type camouflage.

Item in The New Yorker discloses a 16-year-old boy walked into a Brooklyn police station and pelted the cops with eggs. That's one way of solving the nation's egg surplus.

"City to Curb Draft Dodging"—Headline. Pretty drastic action, don't you think?



Troops on Makin Island were ordered not to laugh when they saw native girls bathing naked. Fair enough; no real gentleman would even think of laughing at a time like that.

Women Marine recruits were cautioned about reporting for training loaded with too much personal baggage. What about their hope chests?

In San Francisco a man advertised, asking for the present address of a woman he met on a New Orleans train in 1912. That's the way with some guys—too impulsive.

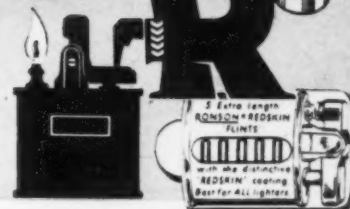
Women in a Canadian town were warned never to go out at night unless they carried a hatpin, a can of pepper and a whistle. Which one will she use first, the whistle?

RHM

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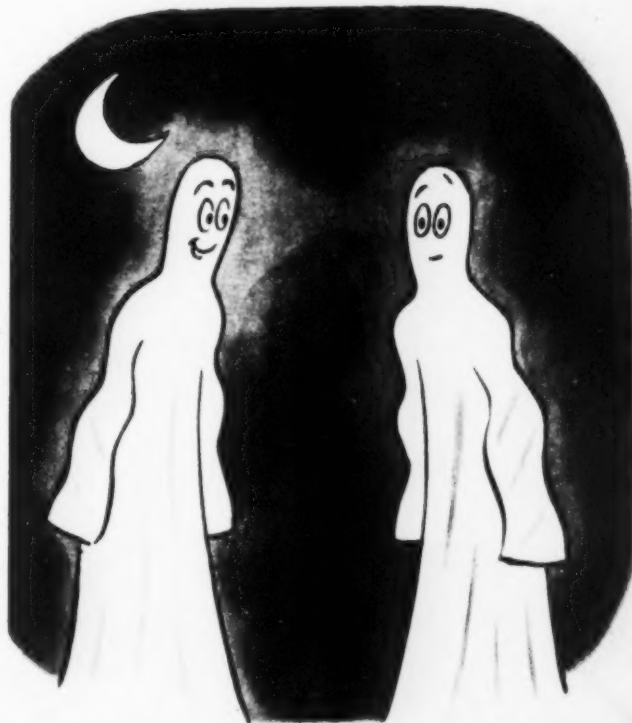
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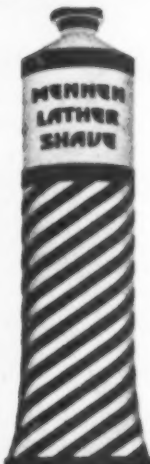


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Question Box

Q. Is there any way that I can prove I crossed the equator on the VIN-CENNES in 1941? I lost my original certificate when the ship was sunk.

A. Only method is to get certification VINCENNES crossed equator that year and proof you were a member of her complement from Navy Department and Marine Headquarters. The log will not show it.

Q. Do second and third paygrade Marines aboard ship rate CPO's mess and quarters privileges?

A. No regulations governing this. Apparently up to individual C. O.'s.

Q. Where can a Marine discharged six months ago get a discharge button?

A. If released since 9 September, 1939, from any Navy or Marine Corps post, hospital or recruiting station upon presenting discharge certificate.

Q. Are men who have had filariasis eligible for transfer back to SoPac?

A. Policy of Headquarters is not to transfer those men to tropical duty.

Q. May a Navy officer change his commission to the Marine Corps?

A. Law makes no provision for such change. Only way would be to resign Navy commission and make application for commission in Marine Corps.

Q. What are the requirements for the Marine Corps Reserve Service Medal?

A. To be eligible for Marine Corps Reserve Service Medal man must attend 14 days annual field training period for four consecutive years, must attend 38 drills yearly for four consecutive years, and have average marking of 4.5 or over upon discharge. Reserves who serve on active duty for four years are entitled to medal providing final average equals 4.5 or over.

Q. Are no companies now called "J" because at one time in the past a "J" company lost its colors under fire?

A. Headquarters has no record of this; believes the reason is that "i" and "j" frequently are confused with "k".

Q. What do stars on Marine shoulder patches represent?

A. The five stars on the First and Second Division and various other shoulder patches represent the Southern Cross, visible in Southwest Pacific.

Q. Is there any authorization for wearing of Navy striker's badge by Marines who have been graduated from Navy schools or for wearing other similar sleeve insignia?

A. We are unable to find any authorization for this in Uniform Regulations.

Q. May men who were in the Icelandic Expedition wear the Polar Bear Patch, given to them by the British, or the Marine Expeditionary Ribbon?

A. Only time the Expeditionary Medal has been authorized for this war is Wake Island, December 8-22, 1941. The Polar Bear Patch never has been approved. Regulations provide that if the organization to which you belong has a shoulder patch, that one will be worn. Otherwise wear the patch of the last organization to which you belonged.

Q. What is dope on shipping over in the Reserves during this war?

A. A Reserve may ship over in the Regulars for a four-year cruise, in the Reserves for the duration plus or allow status to become frozen. No re-enlistment allowance will be paid to members of the Reserve who ship over in either case and Reserve cannot extend enlistments.

Q. Does service in the Civilian Conservation Corps count for longevity?

A. CCC service does not count toward longevity or hashmarks.

Q. Is there a warrant in the Marine Corps, the holder of which can be reduced only by act of Congress, the so-called Congressional warrant?

A. There are none of the so-called Congressional warrants known.

Q. Is it authorized to wear both paratrooper's insignia and pilot's wings?

A. Yes, senior insignia, the pilot wings, is worn above the left pocket as customary and the paratrooper insignia, immediately below.

MJS

salvos of high explosive shells.

Puruata Island—the "bull's-eye"—is a geographical trifle, the sort of place cartoonists have in mind when pondering the affairs of castaways. It lies about 1000 yards off Cape Torokina on Bougainville, where the Marines landed last November 1, and looks for all the world like a handful of jungle that has been plucked from the mainland and cast adrift on the pale green waters of the Coral Sea. The island stretches a mere 700 yards one way and 400 the other, rimmed to seaward by coral reef and on the mainland side by a white sandy beach.

That beach turned out to be one of the most important in all the South Seas. It was the better one of the only two beaches in the captured area which were negotiable by the Navy's prime movers, the LST's. It made Puruata Island the freight yard of the Bougainville offensive—and the favorite target for Japanese bombers.

When Major General Allen H. Turnage, commander of the Third Marine Division, referred to the "astonishing success" of the Navy supply system in helping to win the Bougainville campaign, his tribute included men of Puruata Island. These, in the main, were Marine Pioneers—a unit specially trained in the tasks of unloading ships and establishing supply dumps ashore. From early November to late in January they went about their gruelling job with such avidity that they broke all speed records for unloading LST's; then broke their own record several times. The Navy was grateful. Even at sea the LST's are a relatively sluggish craft (whence the nickname: "Large Slow Target"). But when beached during an unloading operation, they are a rare invitation to enemy aircraft—like sitting ducks, unable to maneuver for safety. What the Pioneers did on Puruata was as much a victory as any achieved by their comrades fighting in the Bougainville jungle.

It would have been a staggering assignment just to handle the equipment and supplies needed to maintain the combat troops. On top of this, however, came the vast quantities of machines and materiel used to build the airfields so swiftly created by the Seabees. "And even that's only half of it," said one of the Puruata Marines. "What really hurts is that every damn stick we drag ashore here one day, has to be loaded back on tank lighters and LCT's and then shipped over to the mainland." It was a case of "in and out, in and out," he told me—"this is just a stopover!"

And so the men of Puruata fought day and night. From dawn till dusk they wrestled chow and ammunition, fuel

right up to Puruata's beach to unload vital rations, the urgency of unloading fast led to piling up stocks which were targets for Jap bombers. And they came over every night

of an LST, camera catches flag symbolic of victory won at Bougainville and smaller LCT returning from a mission inland. The big LST's could not dock at Bougainville



On seaward side of island the thick jungle vegetation has all been cleared away, partly by shellfire of our initial attack and partly by subsequent Jap bombings. Tents and shelters occupied by Marines.



Life on a Bull's Eye

by Capt. Patrick O'Sheel

Puruata Island's Smooth Beach Was Superb For Unloading Material But Japs Made It a Hellish Spot To Be

"HONEST to God, on this island it's like living on a bull's eye," said Doctor Wimp. He said it as if he were about to cry. His voice was high-pitched with the same fatigue which seemed to be gnawing at his eyes. We passed a number of Marines on the narrow jungle trail and when they greeted him he had barely enough energy to answer their names, pushing the words out in a kind of gasp.

Jesse J. Wimp is a lieutenant in the Navy medical corps, a middle-aged, stocky, energetic man with a booming, infectious laugh. But during our first meeting, on Puruata Island just off Bougainville, he didn't laugh at all. The trail we were traveling that morning led to a bomb crater and to the shrapnel-punctured body of a Marine. The doctor's errand was simply to pronounce the man dead, verify the cause of death, and issue instructions concerning disposal of the remains.

Four others had been killed and 21 wounded by Jap bombs during the night and Doctor Wimp and his Corpsmen had scrambled about for hours in the evil darkness, straining to hear the moans of the wounded above the ack-ack, working desperately to stop the blood and get the worst cases back to the tiny pill-box "hospital" for plasma transfusions and emergency operations.

It had been like that for five straight nights. Still other nights of terror had gone before; more were to follow. The daylight hours were better, but there were times when enemy Zeros streaked low across the water and strafed the tiny island. Guns hidden on the Bougainville mainland had paid their respects with a few

TURN PAGE



Tower of thick black smoke rises hundreds of feet from burning oil dump on Puruata. Fire was set just before when Jap bombers struck at 11:30 p.m.

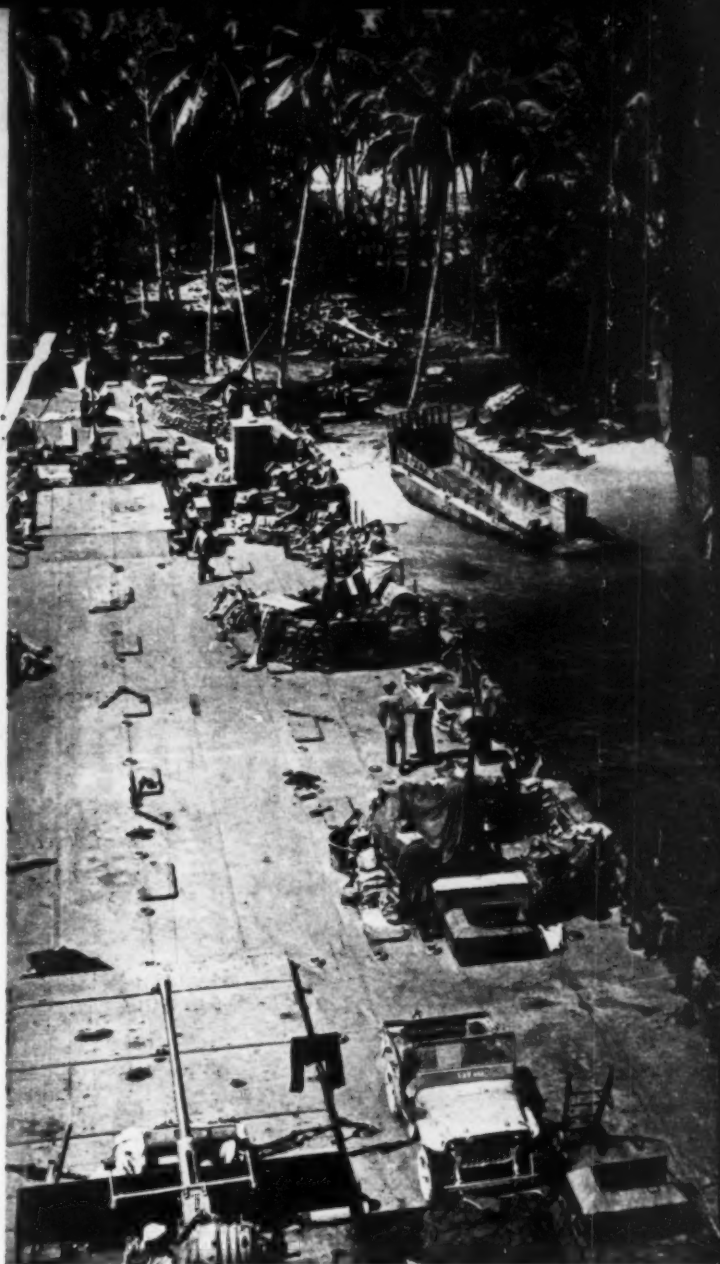


Daylight often disclosed casualties. Here doctor pronounces dead a Marine killed during the night by bomb fragment. Few minutes later doctor and corpsmen shared garbage pit as shelter from new raid

and guns, trucks and tanks, and steel mat for landing strips. From dusk till dawn they fought for a few hours' sleep between the wails of the air raid warning sirens, and tried to ignore the devil's concert of anti-aircraft fire and falling bombs. Volunteer gunners rushed to man the machine guns mounted on trucks and volunteer stretcher bearers rose from the safety of their foxholes to hunt the wounded when the enemy bombs hit home. One night the fuel dump was blasted into an inferno; another night an ammunition pile was ignited. And when these things happened, the men of Puruata, their muscles aching from yesterday's labors and their minds fogged and edgy from the night's ordeal, would give that something extra that wins our battles by risking their



defense unit can be seen here and there along the unkempt beach. A 20-mm gun position is visible at right with lone Marine standing guard. Bougainville itself is in the background under heavy clouds



Scene from deck of Navy LST provides striking picture of the unloading operations on tiny 400 by 700-yard Puruata Island. Trans-shipment to Bougainville was made by smaller craft such as that between the two islands

Marine messhall on Puruata is in shelter built by Japs who gave island before we landed last November. The roof originally was made of large jungle leaves. Note rifles slung handily on pegs in side





One of Puruata's heroes is PFC Albert H. Spencer of a 90-mm anti-aircraft gun. When Jap bomb struck companion gun pit, Spencer dashed 60 yards away, rescued three buddies while ammunition exploded all around



Beached LST's, the Navy's workhorses of the South Pacific, became well acquainted with Puruata during Bougainville operation. Mud is typical of footing in the North Solomons. Tracks show where vehicles rolled ashore

LIFE ON A BULL'S-EYE (continued)

lives in salvage work, rolling barrels of oil away from the fire as hoses sprayed over them, man-handling high explosives out of the danger area.

One day when things were quiet, Doctor Wimp was in a talkative mood in his headquarters at the aid station of the Pioneer unit. He had just come back from a beach-combing expedition, his pockets loaded with sea shells. He said he was sending them home to Kirksville, Missouri, where his three youngsters would get a kick out of using them to decorate the back-yard fish pool.

"It's been quiet for three days now," he said. "And for three nights, which is a hell of a lot more important."

"The way things were going, the troops on the front lines actually sympathized with us. It's a fact. I know because I see so many of the battle casualties. They bring them over from the mainland and put them aboard the LST's going back to rear-base hospitals. They often told me they were just as glad they'd never had to live on Puruata."

"I don't want to see anything like this again. We've had six war neurosis cases, and honest to God it's amazing we haven't had more. Days like today are what saves us all from going nuts."

"It isn't being afraid so much, although there isn't a Marine on Puruata who frankly won't admit he's been afraid. It's the strain when you work like hell all day and maybe get strafed, and then you get bounced around half the night by the bombs and the anti-aircraft guns. This island sits out here on the water on a moonlight night just begging for bombs, and every one that comes down sounds like it's going to get right in under the covers with you."

"And when there isn't any moon they come over and drop flares. The other night one of them came all the way down and landed in one of our aid stations. It took so long to come down that a couple of Marines claim they got out a book and started to read by the light of it. I believe them—I don't mean they actually did any reading, but it was something to do to get their minds off the Jap bombers flying around overhead."

"Maybe I see only the worst of it—me and the corpsmen. Incidentally, all my corpsmen have been commended twice by the Generals over on the mainland. For instance, it seemed pretty bad the night we used up our last bottle of plasma on the last wounded Marine we brought in. I prayed, honest to God, that the Japs would stay away the rest of the night. They didn't, but they dumped their next load in the water. Thanks to some cross-eyed Jap."

"But what I mean is that nobody else knew at the time about that plasma running out. And we've shot down seven planes between our anti-aircraft and the kids just went out

Puruata Was No Pushover

THAT Gunny Leyden was a real Marine."

A husky note crept into the voice of PFC "Dutch" Doornbos — a note that seemed a little out of character for the rugged BAR man from Grand Rapids, Mich.

"He got it on Puruata, a spooky little isle that lies just across the channel from Bougainville. It was the first of last November."

PFC M. W. DOORNBOS

We killed a lot of Japs in the way to the beach"

On the day that Doornbos recalled, the Third Marine Raider Battalion's "I" and "K" companies assaulted Puruata Island from the Bougainville channel side. "Our company came in on the first wave against position light by Tarawa standards. However, there were casualties from rifle and mortar fire in most every Higgins boat before we hit the beach. " company came in right after ours."

It took us only a few minutes to get organized. The two companies pushed inland, spread out to beat out the whole island.

"We advanced 200 yards against light opposition until "K" company, on the right flank, ran into heavy machine guns and several light Nambus."

"While they were cleaning out this machine gun nest, some of us advanced across the native village compound. The Japs laid down a heavy knee mortar barrage into the village. They had the range down pat. We had a lot of casualties."

"Our platoon leader responded to that barrage by ordering us to charge right through to the beach and kill every Nipper that got in the way."

"The mortars stopped firing as we charged and we killed a lot of Japs on our way to the beach. But when we got there, no Nippers were in sight. Apparently, they'd picked up their knee mortars and dived into the dense brush and just let us charge past them."

"It wasn't until we'd moved back to the village and dug in that we learned about Leyden. He had been wounded by rifle and mortar fire and was lying out in the brush somewhere."

"A corpsman from "K" company went out and found him. While he was dressing the gunny's wounds, a sniper shot the corpsman in the leg. PFC Red Howard and the battalion's chaplain, Father Robert J. Cronin, then moved out into the brush to get the wounded men."

"Leyden was dying. But until a few minutes before he died, he kept training his field glasses

around in the brush trying to pick up the sniper who'd wounded the corpsman. Leyden did have the satisfaction of seeing Red kill the sniper."

"A couple of minutes later, Father Cronin, Red Howard and the corpsman had to hit the deck and lie flat in the brush. Dozens of Japs were passing by them. As soon as the Japs got up ahead a little, though, Howard heaved every grenade he had at them and shot several with his M-1."

"We didn't have time to wonder about the chaplain, though, because just about then the Nippers made a banzai charge on our positions in the village. They threw everything they had at us except the kitchen sink. But the two companies in the village just mowed down the charging Nips. After that charge the Japs were finished on Puruata except for a few snipers and the like."

"In all this confusion, Father Cronin and Red Howard, dragging the wounded corpsman, got back to our lines, though they had to go under pretty heavy sniper fire. Red was wounded in the hand."

"A few days later, when we were making the road block on Bougainville, I was wounded in the elbow and leg. Red's wound was giving him a little trouble. Both of us were evacuated back to Guadalcanal."

"That was about all that happened to us on Puruata—but none of us will ever forget that Gunny Leyden."

FXT



Puruata became more than a supply depot. It was base hospital as well when wounded from Bougainville were brought over in Higgins boats for transfer to LST's. On one day, 300 injured were evacuated

and grabbed a machine gun and started shooting. Hell, it hasn't been one-sided at all really. Just a nightmare. The Japs never stopped us unloading ships and getting the stuff delivered across the way.

"And you know," said Doctor Wimp, "you've got to hand it to these crazy Marines. There isn't anything so bad they can't find a wisecrack to fit it. A while ago when we were having our third raid in one night I heard a kid running for his foxhole and yelling: 'Hang onto your false teeth, boys—they may be dropping sandwiches.'

"Honest to God, the only thing I could think about was how good a sandwich would go right about then!"



Sixteen simple graves marked by white crosses testify to the fight Puruata as part of Bougainville invasion. The flag in right background honors dead who are of all Navy services—Marine, Navy, Coast G



Marine 20-mm gunner scans the horizon for Jap planes. Note folding chair for comfort during long hours of duty. Those in center test device that warns of approaching planes

HARVEST AT HELL'S HALF ACRE



A MARINE at one of our advanced Pacific bases strode over to the mess tent last Christmas day and glanced at the chow line as he approached. He stopped, did a double take, and then pinched himself to be sure he was awake. Then he grinned. The messmen were dishing out what seemed to be an endless amount of fresh corn on the cob. It was the first fresh vegetable he had seen since leaving the States and corn on the cob at Christmas—all that didn't happen even in Iowa.

All the Marines at that base had corn on the cob that day—15,000 ears of Golden Bantam. They'll be looking forward to it again this Christmas and perhaps a lettuce and cucumber salad, too—fresh in gardens right in their own back yard.

Thousands of Marines, sailors and soldiers stationed in the South Pacific where corner grocery production never before has been seen, today are eating fresh vegetables grown practically within sight of the fighting fronts. Upwards of 500,000 acres of jungle land are under cultivation from New Caledonia to Guadalcanal, with more to be ploughed as gardeners follow the battle lines. Often they work within range of aerial and artillery bombardment, and more than once have been under fire.

These thriving overseas victory gardens exist, among other places, at Espiritu Santo, Samoa, New Caledonia, Efate, Tulagi, Guadalcanal, New Georgia and the Russell Islands. There's a relatively new 50-acre plot under cultivation on Bougainville, too. When it was started, the men who drove the plows and cultivators to clear the land took their rifles with them in case they ran into stray Jap snipers.

Battle-hardened mess sergeants, accustomed to a can opener routine, have had a time learning how to prepare baked peppers and tomatoes. One of them in a hurry appeal to his mother to tell him how to perform the miracle of transforming fresh pumpkin into pumpkin pie—

his education covered only the steps beginning with prepared filling in cans. And the supply clerk back in San Francisco who got the New Georgia mess sergeant's requisition for two cases of French dressing for lettuce, tomato and cucumber salads must have thought he should have sent a psychiatrist.

The crops from these battlefield farms include virtually everything grown in back yard gardens in the States, and often as many as four crops a year are being harvested from the rich gumbo and volcanic ash soils. Total yield this year is expected to exceed 150,000 tons valued in excess of \$11,000,000. One hundred and fifty thousand

canal was the place. The deal was negotiated by a lanky FEA agriculturalist from Hawaii named Alan Thistle with an Army quartermaster whose mouth watered at the very sight of the prize cradled in Thistle's arms.

Thistle was a member of the First Forward Area Party sent out by FEA under Howry A. Warner, former director of the Agriculture Extension Service at the University of Hawaii. When they reached the Canal, they found the soldiers there struggling with city farmer luck over a small plot behind their camp. They had written home for the seeds in the hope of coaxing an occasional tidbit from the jungle to brighten their G. I. rations. Warner talked the soldiers into turning their garden over to the FEA mission as a starter and it was there that Thistle got the melon to negotiate for the tractor.

While the tractor was put to work digging out the thick matting of jungle grasses, Thistle returned to Efate, rounded up 3000 pounds of seeds and equipment and talked a transport pilot into taking him back.

Enroute the plane was commandeered at an isolated island jumping off spot, with both passenger and cargo unceremoniously dumped onto the beach. Thistle pestered everyone around the place until he chanced upon a Marine in charge of an amphibious duck who would have traded his rifle for a cucumber salad. The agriculturalist and the Marine quickly struck a bargain—the first cukes from the prospective garden was fixed as the fare for a hitch hike the rest of the journey.

Today, more than 2000 acres on Guadalcanal are under cultivation, producing at the rate of 60,000 tons of fresh vegetables yearly. The transition wasn't that simple, however.

At first Warner's men found their seed spoiled in the hot, moist climate while they were getting the fields ready. They begged space in a ship's refrigerator until they could get cooling equipment of their own

A watermelon swapped for a tractor started vegetable gardening on Pacific isles

by Sgt. George Doying

tons is the equivalent of about 6,000,000 bushels of tomatoes.

A couple of Navy officers back in the fall of 1942 originally hit upon the idea of truck farming in the South Pacific as they wrestled with the conflicting problems of how to save shipping space and yet improve the diet of overseas men. Head lettuce and melons couldn't be shipped to the men except in limited quantities in refrigerated ships, but seeds and plows and cultivators could. Furthermore, the seeds and farm implements wouldn't take as much space as the canned peas and beans for which they could provide substitutes. The Foreign Economic Administration was called in and asked to lend a hand by underwriting the project and sending experienced tropical farm men to the islands.

It was the swap of a watermelon for a heavy tractor, however, that really got things under way, in May, 1943. Guadal-

in which to store the seeds before using.

For days during the blossoming period of the first crop of squash and melons the FEA men were seen crawling up and down the long rows on their hands and knees. It looked like the payoff of a truth or consequences show, but in reality they were painstakingly pollinating each bloom by hand. There are no bees native to Guadalcanal and the occupants of several hives imported from Noumea had been devoured by a local species of swallow. Only when little stubs of melons began appearing on plants which had not been reached by hand did Warner's men discover that the ants, which are perpetually present, had some good in them after all. Now they do the pollinating!

Another day, on an inspection tour of the bean patch, Warner found the plants being chewed to ribbons by the Guadalcanal cousin of Mexican bean beetle. Mechanical sprayers were brought out in a counter blitz to stop the beetles, but a watermelon crop was lost when the plants fell prey to a strange fungus, root crops showed an inclination to rot and beans ran to vine instead of pod. More careful selection of garden areas to avoid the swamper regions has overcome many of these problems, but nothing stops the blistering sun from split-

In one corner of the Bougainville garden, next to the cauliflower, grows the inevitable patch of taro roots, chief vegetable of the native population. A section of nearly every Forward Area garden is set aside for taro as an inducement to get the help of the natives. Farther back, in places like New Caledonia, FEA supplies seeds, tools and technical advice to the civil governments and the governments contract directly with native farmers for all the work.

Neither the gardens up front nor those in the rear areas could exist, however, without trinkets! At first the natives were paid in money but they quit working when they found they couldn't spend it. So FEA set up a sideline business in glass beads, brass rings and other baubles, as well as gingham aprons and twist tobacco. It operates much like the stores of traders in the Indian country in pioneer days. Shipments of these goods now is one of the largest items in keeping the gardens going.

While statesiders are pondering whether air transport ever will be used to haul perishables commercially, it's already being done in the South Pacific. Recently, at an advanced Solomon Islands base a jeep raced out onto the air strip as a transport pilot was warming his motors. When the Marine driver asked whether there was



If Monkeys Eat It—You Can

YOU need never starve in the tropics if you are able to move around. Scores of varieties of tropical plants are edible, many of them in a raw state. A few are poisonous to man.

It's impossible, of course, to list all the edible plants but a safe rule is: Watch the monkeys. Whatever monkeys eat, you can eat. Birds, too, are a guide although not an infallible one for they will eat some things which man cannot eat.

The Navy's pamphlet, "Survival on Land and Sea," lists seashores, abandoned clearings, margins of streams and swamps as better foraging grounds for food than deep jungles or mountain tops.

Highly favorable, as a general rule, are seashore locations. Here are the coconut trees and other palms. In addition to the food and milk from the coconuts, palms offer other food sources. Tender growing tips at the top of the stems in the base of the leaves, commonly called palm "cabbages," can be cut out and eaten raw or roasted. Unopened flower clusters also may be eaten, and the juice from the cut end of the flower, fruit cluster or a gash in the trunk will quench thirst. Don't store this liquid, however; it will ferment.

Another common tree on Pacific islands is the screw pine or pandanus, easily recognized by its stilt-like roots and the spiral arrangement of its long leaves. Its fruits, divided into sections like pineapple, can be boiled or baked depending upon its age.

Vines bearing edible fruits occur along many shores, a common example being the strainer vine. Its long green fruits must be cooked, and the tender new shoots, leaves and flowers make a palatable dish of greens.

Clearings in tropical areas usually indicate cultivation at some previous time and cultivated forms of plants will persist long after fields have been abandoned. Often these areas will contain the papaya, a 20-foot tree-like plant with melon shaped fruits which have a pepsin flavor and are truly delicious—as well as an aid to digestion. Young bamboo sprouts, up to a foot or so in height, are rich in food substances and edible cooked as asparagus or raw.

Vegetables also are found in abandoned locations, including the taro, sweet potato, yam and wild tomato. Usually both the tubers or fruit and the tops can be eaten.

Grasses are a dependable source of food—most of man's cultivated food comes from grasses such as wheat, rye, corn, sugarcane, etc. Real grasses are recognizable by their jointed stems and there are no poisonous types. When the seeds are large enough, as on the "Job's tears" plant, they can be pounded into flour.

Swamps and river banks are prolific with ferns and jungle forests with various berries and fruits. Most of these are edible although many are bitter and unpalatable. If you're not sure, try this: Eat only a small sample, then wait several hours. If no harmful results develop it's safe to eat more.



"... the pilot thought it was a gag when the driver asked if there was room aboard for some fresh peas"

ting tomatoes on the vine.

One back yard gardener's hazard not common to the South Pacific, however, is weeds—there are no weeds in the virgin jungle soil.

Probably the only garden in the world for which the ground was ploughed by bombs is located in the New Georgia area. When the FEA men arrived in the central Solomons last fall the military turned over the former Japanese airfield at Vila on Kolombangara for garden space. The air strip had been bombed repeatedly during the Munda campaign and concussion had so well broken up the ground that only a good harrowing was needed before the seeders went to work.

At Bougainville, the FEA men came in on the heels of the assault forces, got the initial plot of 50 acres under cultivation almost as soon as the air strip was in operation. Warner and his aides were recognized as soon as they set foot on the beach by men who had sampled the FEA produce farther back. So there was plenty of volunteer help in getting things going. A Navy chaplain and two sailors, none of whom had ever gardened before, worked with 10 natives in ploughing and planting half the farm. When the seeds were in the chaplain confessed he had never been so tired, but said that neither had he ever slept so well nor preached such good sermons.

room aboard for two crates of fresh peas, the pilot thought it was a gag. It wasn't, and the peas made a royal meal that night for the men at an outpost 1000 miles away. The crates, incidentally, were made of scraps of the plentiful native mahogany and rosewood cut for another project to provide local lumber for everything from barracks and hospitals to piers and bridges.

Occasionally, shipments of priceless produce to outposts have an ironical ending. Once, in the early days of the program, the first pick of corn was flown to an out of the way naval station and turned over to the mess sergeant. That lord of the galley unrealistically whacked the corn off the cob and mixed it with canned beans to make succotash. When the men learned about it—well, that mess sergeant won't ever make that mistake again!

With fresh vegetables now established as a regular part of their diet, Marines and soldiers on Guadalcanal are looking to the day when they'll have bananas with their breakfast cereal. As an experiment, Warner's men have planted a half-acre of Hawaiian pineapple and slips from banana trees near the site of the first Guadalcanal garden. A banana plantation will produce in about 10 months, so if the experiment works the first fruit will be ready for eating before the year is out.

END

Fighting PILL ROLLERS

by
Sgt. I. R. McVay

Emergency surgery is performed
by doctors at battalion aid station



Corpsmen, traditionally not fighting men, go into battle with Marine assault waves to aid wounded. Their casualties are high—Tarawa's toll: 27 dead, 53 hurt

A SUDDEN burst of rifle fire, jungle muffled and not too distant, alerted the outfit just at dawn. No one moved. Nobody spoke. Soon waiting ears caught the sound of something crawling through the vines. Then there was a moan: "Hey, corpsman!"

Several weeks before when he had first landed in the South Pacific, Pharmacist Mate 1c Jimmy Reese would have made some effort to get to the sound. Their willingness to go anywhere, no matter how hot the fire, to the aid of wounded Marines, won them the admiration and respect of the fighting men, but too often it cost the corpsmen their lives.

This time the corpsman didn't move. He was wise to the Jap ruse of trying to trick the Marines into revealing their position.

Guadalcanal was the proving ground for the medical side of Marine warfare. There the corpsmen assigned to duty with the Marines rewrote under fire the lessons of their stateside training. There they learned the grim realities of combat against an enemy with no respect for the rules under which they had been taught to operate.

Even after they had gotten wise to the tricks of the Japs, they had a hard time holding back when the call of "Hey, corpsman" came from the jungle. That was their signal to go into action. That was the signal a Marine lay wounded—a Marine who might die if they did not move out, and quickly.

Finally, Marines had to refuse to allow their aid men to move until they had secured the enemy's guns.

"Those corpsmen would have all got themselves killed off if we hadn't held 'em back," a veteran of the Solomons campaign said. "They just didn't seem to be able to stop when somebody was hurt."

Doctors and corpsmen quickly discovered that the Red Cross brassard on their arms was an irresistible target for the Jap snipers. So the medical men learned to mask their identity. Packs, canteens, insignia—any mark that distinguished them

from a Marine was discarded. Even when medical supplies had to be packed, they were distributed among the troops so as to give no clue.

The Corps' specialization in amphibious assault tactics in the days before and just following Pearl Harbor produced the combat corpsmen. In action, these first aid men went in with the assault combat teams, moved with them wherever they went. On Guadalcanal, in the beginning, even small patrols customarily had their aid man along. But it was found that if he was hurt or killed, a replacement too often was delayed. In the interim that meant the entire platoon was without a medical man, a situation which made the men uneasy. Thereafter, the aid man went only with large patrols; he was too valuable to be expendable.

In training, corpsmen customarily walked in the rear of the file, so as to be able to

take care of any man who dropped out. On Guadalcanal, a number of aid men disappeared and some were picked off by snipers who would let the patrol go by unmolested just to get a shot at the corpsman. Marines prudently switched the corpsmen to another part of the column where they could keep an eye on their safety.

Methods for care of wounded in combat zones had to be completely revamped. Corpsmen learned there was no such thing as picking a man upright and stalking off with him. They learned to crawl slowly to the injured man, using all the protective terrain they could, knowing that if a sniper was in the vicinity he would be waiting patiently for a telling shot. Treatment could never be given the casualty in the pictured manner of kneeling. An aid man bellied out to work and lay prone while he administered to an injured man's needs.

More lessons were learned at Betio!

There, the action was compressed into a tiny perimeter, testing the aid men's expediency and versatility to the utmost. They met the test, but they paid a terrific toll. To save the lives of others, twenty-seven corpsmen gave up their own on Tarawa, and fifty-three more were wounded; more than one-half of them were casualties.

Ingenious Pharmacist Mate 2c Henry D. Atherton of Dallas, Texas, took copper wire from a set of dog tags to stop the arterial blood flow of an arm wound. Capable Pharmacist Mate 2c Melvin B. Shaffer of Roseville, Calif., stuck in a shell hole for 48 hours between the two fighter plane strips, cared for an estimated 200 Marines in that time. On the night of the second day, using infiltration tactics, Shaffer crawled to the beach for more dressings and badly needed ammunition, returned to his "station."

In a battered pillbox near Beach Landing One, Lieutenant Herman Brohardt, USN, set up the first first-aid station on the island. It was supposed to be a regimental aid station but it turned out to be everything, including a hospital. The doctor had



Corpsmen tag wounded after giving first aid, leave them for litter bearer to take to rear



Aid man's approach to wounded Marine lying in open is cautious crawl necessitated by Jap policy of withholding fire to get shot at corpsman



Final preparation of wounded for ambulance evacuation from aid station to hospital is to make them comfortable. These corpsmen are in training

three assistants, all corpsmen. Pharmacist Mate 1c Herbert "Buck" Estes, a big six-footer from Texas with a combat record going back to the first landings on Guadalcanal, shared the work with Pharmacist Mate 1c Robert E. Costello of Woburn, Mass., and Pharmacist Mate 2c James R. Whitehead of Jackson, Miss.

For 36 hours with barely a pause, these three alternately used their flashlights for the doc treatment of extreme cases and performed every conceivable form of auxiliary surgery that their skill permitted. Estes' willingness to work and his skill have earned him the distinction of being one of the corpsman greats, the "All-American Corpsman."

The performance of Pharmacist Mate 3c John D. Campbell illustrates the value of teaching infiltration tactics and creeping and crawling to the medical men. A one-time farm boy and later airplane factory worker, Campbell is a somewhat dumpy respected chap. He went ashore with an assault group at Beach Landing One and while the fire was hottest he made six trips beyond the lines to render first aid. That night he evacuated his patients.

Later he worried, fearing that in the darkness and confusion he might have overlooked someone. He crawled out again, a hundred yards or more, moving directly in front of and later alongside the Japanese positions, to assure himself that there were no Marines out there. His passage back was through heavy, probing mortar fire, but his greatest worry was about his folks whom he knew would be frightened when

they suspected he was involved in the action.

This same all-consuming interest in their work is notable among all corpsmen. Another Tarawa example involves the action of Pharmacist Mate 2c James F. Corbett of Long Beach, Calif. Corbett and three other corpsmen came across a Marine who had been badly wounded trying to silence a pillbox.

The Marine was a stretcher case and Corbett spied what resembled a door still hanging to the pillbox. Forgetful of his own danger, he called, "Wait a minute," to his mates and ran to the spot. He yanked away at the door with all of his 126 pounds and hauled it back.

Hardly had the litter bearers gone 10 yards before a burst of machinegun fire kicked up the sand and they hit the deck. Corbett was incensed; in his mind the only ones around the place were Marines. He shouted, but twice more before they were able to get the wounded man to safety the gun opened up.

By this time little Corbett was red-eyed with rage. He stalked over to the Marine group he felt was responsible for this trigger-happy shooting and demanded:

"What the hell's the idea of firing at us?"

The platoon sergeant was staring at Corbett, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Doc," he said, "I don't know whether you surprised, scared or hypnotized the Jap in that pillbox over there, but it was that little monkey who was firing at you and believe me he's still there!"



Plasma is administered at battalion aid station. Patient is kept covered, head lower than feet



Guadalcanal taught corpsmen not to stand up to carry wounded. Safer way involves creeping up to patient, rolling him on top, crawling to cover

When coming under enemy fire, stretcher bearers must halt and await a lull in the fighting before proceeding on to the battalion first aid station

END



Discovery of nest of jungle bunkers often comes only when enemy opens fire on troops



How to take a **PILLBOX**

**Battle-tested Tactics from the Pacific Theatre
for Destroying Japanese Pillboxes and Bunkers**



↑ After reconnaissance to determine number and location of pillboxes, demolition team moves forward under support fire to reduce objective

↓ First mission of the demolition unit is to start fires. Incendiary grenades and flame throwers are used. TNT and H. E. finish job

Jungle Maginot Lines

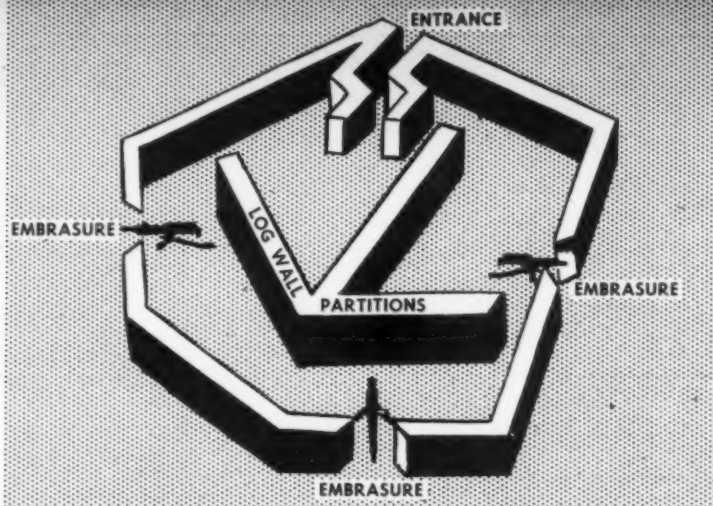
ON ATOLLS and in the jungle, the Jap fights extensively and stubbornly from pillbox and bunker fortifications. Marines and allied forces have had to breach such defenses from the Solomons to the Marshalls. Aerial reconnaissance indicates that bunker defenses can be expected at practically every enemy base we yet must take.

The idea of pillboxes is not new. The ingenuity with which the Japanese have employed them, however, has made bunker busting a vital factor in the Pacific theater.

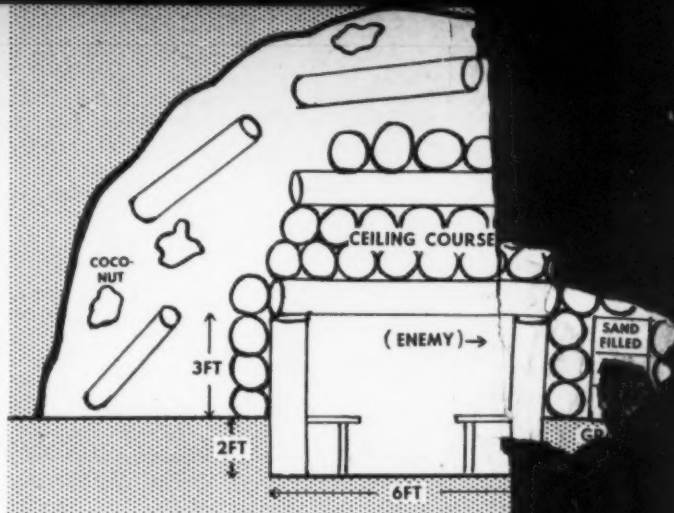
Broadly speaking, these Jap defenses fall into two classifications. One is the reinforced coral or concrete installation found most often on atolls—true pillboxes. The other is essentially a dugout built above ground level with logs, dirt, rocks, etc. These range from large heavily bolstered bunkers in more or less open ground to small units hidden in thick jungle.

Wherever they are or however constructed they are always in groups and mutually supporting. Fundamentally the job of knocking them out is the same in all cases.





Pillboxes have several faces, one rear doorway, two to four gun ports, slits 10x18" to 18x24" from which enemy fires rifles, m. g. and pom-pom



Bunkers are built log-cabin style, often two covered by mound of earth which sprouts vege

Tactical Strategy

REDUCTION of the pillbox and bunker defenses of the Japanese essentially is the job of combat ground troops.

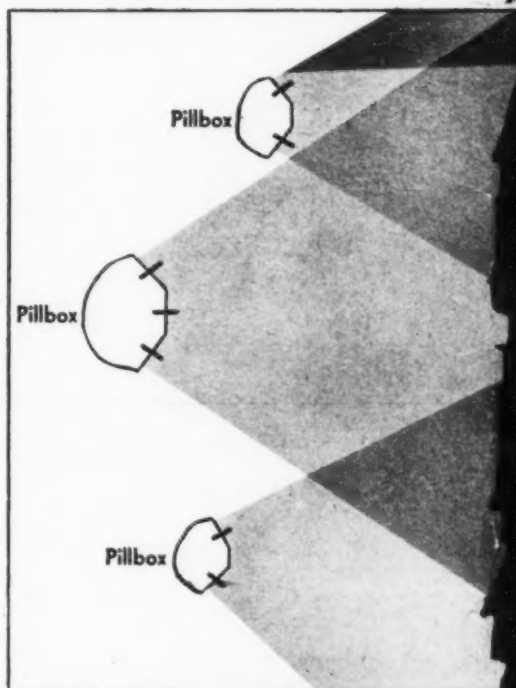
On atolls and in relatively open terrain, naval guns or artillery can neutralize enemy fire, let assault troops get in close, but seldom can this alone knock them out. In the jungle, where the bunker is an ever-threatening menace, artillery is virtually useless; often bunkers aren't discovered until their occupants open fire, usually at very short range.

Repeated experience with these miniature Maginot lines has resulted in development of offensive tactics which have been battle-tested. The maneuver involves reducing the bunkers one at a time by getting a demolition team up to the enemy's doorstep under cover of fire from a supporting party.

First step requires driving the Jap from their lateral trenches into bunkers; this is done by a violent barrage of mortars, grenades, machine gun fire, etc.

Next, the demolition team, carrying TNT, flame throwers, fragmentation, AT, incendiary and smoke grenades, moves forward while the supporting troops neutralize enemy fire by firing at the bunker gun slits and by using smoke grenades. This stage (see diagram below) requires utmost coordination between demolition and supporting personnel.

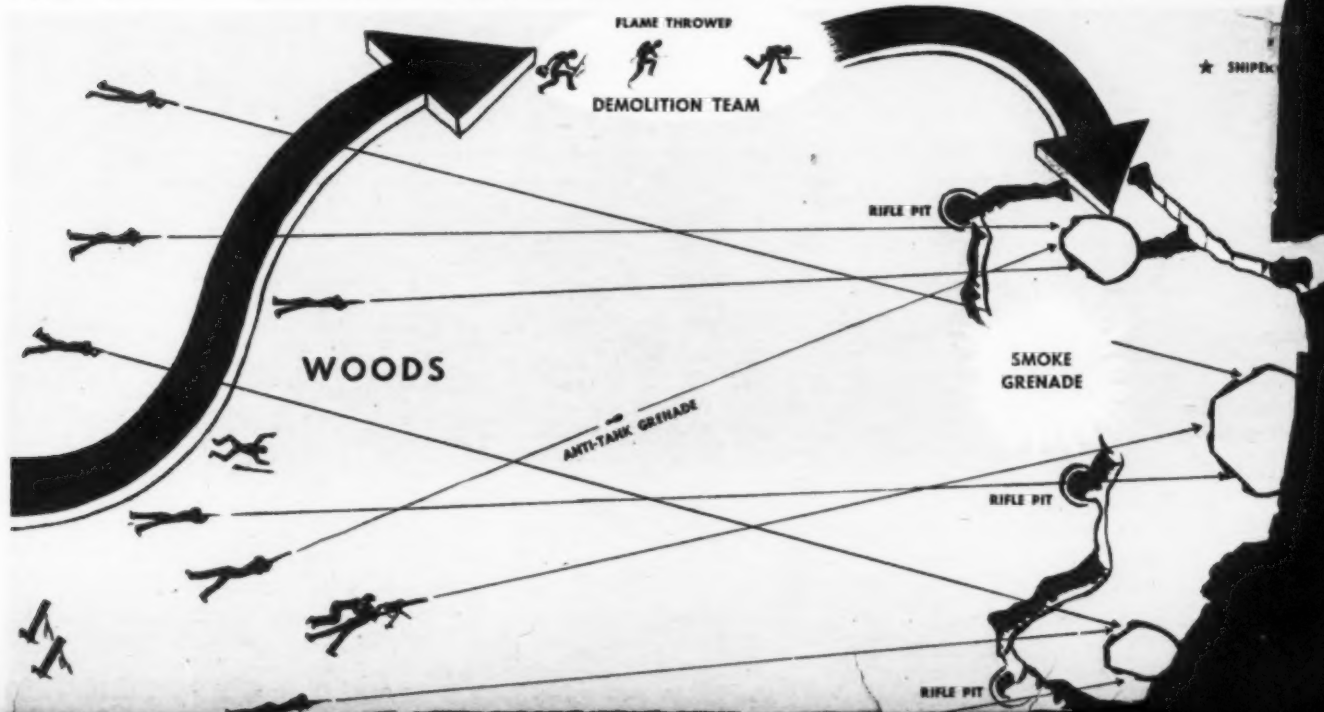
Upon arrival at pointblank range, the demolition team begins using grenades, continues its approach to where flame throwers may be employed or incendiaries thrown inside. Object at this point is to heat the inside of the place. Following this phase there is little shooting back, but there may still be live Japs so the demolition team brings its TNT and other heavy explosives into play to wreck the place, complete the job.



Bunkers normally are mutually supporting, usually to six. Trenches are used by enemy riflemen, giving

Diagram shows tactical dispersal of action on opposite page. Job of support party is to neutralize Jap fire by peppering gun slits while

demolition team crawls forward to destroy bunker with grenades and explosives. Usually only one bunker can





ing unit. Perched in trees
and protect approaches



Mortars help drive Japs from trenches,
to clear path for the demolition team



So will the howitzers or other available big guns.
Direct hits sometimes will crumple small bunkers



-particularly the more permanently constructed types—have ventilators
provides handy place for demolition team to drop some incendiary grenades

IMPROVISATION is the keynote to success in reducing pillboxes and bunkers. There is no single "one and only" formula—just as the Japanese defenses won't always be of the same pattern.

Prime objective in the case of a pillbox—that is a "permanent" installation of concrete or coral—is to destroy the occupants. In the case of more lightly constructed bunkers, the first objective may be to destroy the bunker if possible; if not, the occupants.

No one weapon—unless it is ingenuity—will be universally available to Marines in combat areas for breaching these defenses.

On these two pages are illustrated a number of variations of the procedure outlined on the previous pages; most of them are improvisations and alternatives for steps in the method, but not substitutes for the principles.

Most of these alternatives, too, illustrate actual instances where Marines have outwitted the Jap. For instance, the attack from the rear of a bunker defense line (top right) occurred in the battle for Cape Torokina on Bougainville, when one company of Marines came up



Inexperienced troops often disregard empty bunkers (left), find selves
attacked from rear (above). Dummy bunkers are built for that purpose



from the other side of the point to find their comrades pinned down out front. Those bunkers had blind rears and the "rescue party" was able to go in standing up.

Tossing grenades down the vent (left center) is recorded from the bloody engagement at Tarawa, where some of the enemy's underground coral pillboxes were equipped with ventilators.

The "empty" bunker which comes to life (lower left) is a Jap trick which has been reported by Marines in combat from Bougainville to the Gilberts and the Marshalls. Left in seeming disarray, these unoccupied traps often are built with their firing embrasures facing into their own positions so that Japs infiltrated to them after an advance can open up from the rear on our invading forces.

Tanks (right center) played a valiant role in reducing some of the Tarawa emplacements. In other South Pacific actions half-tracks have been called into play, and even the big 'cats of the Seabees. They simply steam-roller the bunkers into rubble, burying the occupants underneath.

Rear is frequently blind spot of Jap defense installations. Secondary force which can flank bunkers may be able to attack virtually without opposition. This happened during the fight for Cape Torokina



Medium tanks make excellent pillbox attackers if they are available, because bunker firepower can't stop them. Half-tracks and even big 'cats are good for wrecking small earth-log dugouts



Most effective place to put TNT is in the joints between logs of bunker wall to collapse foundation



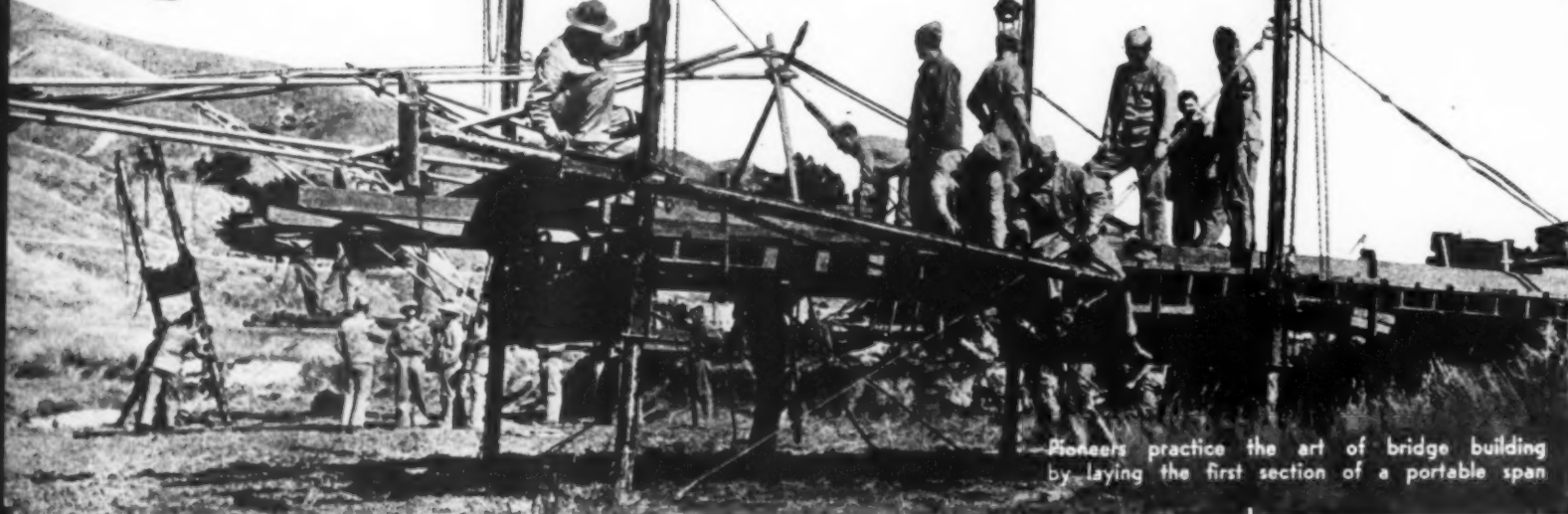
Gun slit is a better grenade target than zig-zagged exit built to absorb explosion



Final step in bunker busting is first-hand look inside to make certain all Japs are dead, that pillbox is wrecked beyond use. Never go in alone; inspecting party must be covered against ambush

END

HURRY-HURRY BOYS



Pioneers practice the art of bridge building by laying the first section of a portable span

THE "boots" stood at ease for the first time in their lives in the Marine Corps. "Men, how would you like to live in on the ground floor of a brand new outfit?" purred the sergeant detailed to secure a foundation for the Pioneers. "... every man an individualist in his line, that's what we want. ...!" And thus was born the Shore Party Detachment, Second Marine Division. Today the organization is a full battalion, with two successful campaigns to its credit, and is in training for a third.

Early in November, 1941, a handful of Marines moved into the tents across the parade ground from building three at MCB, San Diego, ready for anything.

Came the end of January of the next year and the little group still numbered only in the twenties. Then suddenly, the

break they needed arrived. At a general's inspection, Captain Salazar and "Gunny" James A. Baldwin lined up their men at the east end of the base parade ground. After a short time, Major General Charles F. B. Price arrived on his tour.

"What unit is this?" queried the general. "Shore Party Detachment, sir," replied Captain Salazar. "Any of you ever heard of the shore party?" he snapped at his aides. Heartbreaking answers of "no sir" came from members of the inspecting party. So, as Captain Salazar explained the foundation and purpose of his unit, a lieutenant made notations in his little book.

As a result of that event, new men soon swelled the ranks of the Pioneers.

On the nineteenth of February, 1942, the outfit became known as the Second Pioneer Battalion. The original nucleus had now

attracted some five hundred followers. Every few days, new sea bags found their way to the tent door of Sergeant Major Raymond B. (Paddy) Quinn. These new people were soon taught by the older ones to know their job—that of completing the gap between ship and shore. They had to supervise a beach, get the vital supplies ashore, and keep up the never ending stream of ammunition, water and rations to the front lines. It was a big order. It was an essential part of an operation which needed every type of specialist from rubber boat repairman to Marines highly skilled in water distillation.

The Shore Party began to train in earnest. During the fair weather they hiked the hills of Morena, learned the importance of terrain, and invaded the "boon-docks" from Higgins boats off the sandy shores of the base. On the rainy days these Pioneers studied their beach dump markers and light engineer tactics. Every morning's reveille brought the Shore Party companies back to their tents on the run from a lap around the long parade ground.

Early in June the first company was ready to go and shoved off to its first adventure. As time went by, the remaining "Pions" completed their training at Camp Elliott, got in a week of swimming and other recreation at Camp Miller (formerly Bing Crosby's Del Mar Race Track), then left the United States to report for duty overseas.

Some months passed, and the battalion found itself in an allied land, re-assembled, after the long trying days on Guadalcanal. As the

by Corp. Chester Engelman

It's the job of the shore parties to keep supplies rolling to the men on the beach, whether it's bread, ammunition or radio sets



Corp. Bill Barnack, Jr., adjusts filters as PFC Chet Deluga watches the flow of purified water into a canvas tank

Eighteenth Marines were formed, these men became the Second Battalion of that regiment.

After work on the docks was completed, they went through their paces with their hearts in their work, striking out errors made and supplementing many new ideas. They rehearsed on the beaches, practicing "cord-du-roying," chicken wire roads, field communications and demolitions. The tractor drivers put in long hours of practice, the water men got to know their equipment, and the communicators wove the little groups together with their wires and their radio nets.

The Pioneers were ready for combat and went forth.

While on the long journey toward the Gilbert Islands, they checked their plans along with the other units, studied maps which had been painted in vivid colors on the decks of the transports, and made final preparations for their meeting with the enemy.

Days later, on both Tarawa and Abemama atolls, there appeared the familiar signs on the beaches—"Shore Party CP"; diminutive in size, but an outstanding reminder that the stuff was "rolling" ashore—the Shore Party was functioning!

This unit suffered many casualties in the initial attack, but kept on as the other organizations did, and performed their duties in a most satisfactory manner. One man in

own again. There were breaks in the work on the docks and many evening gatherings, which set the stage for the stories.

One sergeant told the story of the tractor driver, PFC Victor J. Pappas, of Fort Worth, Texas, who, when approaching his beach, was confronted with heavy sniper fire. "When I looked again at that scene," the sergeant said, "the bulldozer was proceeding steadily forward toward a sheltered area without a driver. 'Vic' had been calmly walking alongside his vehicle, quite safe from the bullets overhead."

A lean, young PFC offered the story of a platoon leader, First Lieutenant Robert C. Jones, who saved the lives of many of his men by ordering them to swim ashore under the water, coming up only for air and thus avoiding the bullets that ricocheted off into the sky when fired into the surf at an angle.

They talked about the time when PFC Marvin "Dutch" Delfendahl, of Sacramento, California, finding himself face to face with a Jap, fired his M-1 from the hip and wounded his opponent. The enemy then ended his own life by holding an exploding grenade to his temple.

They also remembered the heroic deeds of Dr. John E. Stewart, Lt., MC, USNR, and his two corpsmen, PhM1/C1 Roy Ford, of Stockton, California, and PhM3/C1 Vernon Willich, of Detroit, Michigan. These men voluntarily went ashore



GEEZ, I sure hope that Turrissi gets here pretty soon," the sergeant said to the Marine fighting alongside him on the front lines at Bougainville.

"Well, sergeant, if he doesn't get here somebody else will."

"Listen, son, any other day of the week that'd be all right, but today it better be Turrissi, personal. Today is Friday and I've just got a hankerin' for some of them fresh fish."

Corporal Henry F. Turrissi, meanwhile, was at the wheel of his truck, slowly making his way up from the beach to the front lines. Suddenly, the advance CP came into view and he ground his camouflaged vehicle to a stop.

It was the third trip that day for the chunky 200-pound corporal and the chances were that he'd be back at least once more before dark.

"What you got this time," inquired the sergeant?

"More lead for the boys," smiled Turrissi, "and a crate of stuff Doc asked for. Need it?"

"You bet we do." Already eager hands were passing the boxes down from the truck.

"OK, now how about the fish? And don't say you haven't got any. This is Friday."

"Hell," the corporal replied, "every day is Friday to you guys. You must think that catching fish is all I got to do." Then with a smile he tossed down the native fish, fresh from a local stream.

Corporal Turrissi is a transport man. His is the unsung but vital job of ferrying ammunition, food, gasoline, medicine and whatnot from the beaches to the men up front facing the Japs, and of bringing back the dead and wounded. For 45 days on Bougainville wrestling that truck was Turrissi's contribution to the Marine invasion on Bougainville.

But what endeared him the most to his fellow Marines was his avocation of fisherman.

It started quite by accident one day because the corporal was tired of chili. Driving along a river at the time he wondered if a grenade tossed into the drink would produce some fish, just as dynamite used to bring results in the streams and ponds of Florida.

The idea worked and from that day forth the corporal's fame as a fisherman spread.

A Pennsylvania native who has lived most of his life in Florida, Corporal Turrissi enlisted in May, 1941, a few days after his twentieth birthday. He spent more than a year with post troops and at the rifle range on Parris Island before going overseas with a Replacement Battalion.

"We were bombed and strafed on the beach and sniped at in the jungle," Turrissi related, "but I don't know which was worse—being shot at or the mud."

He was never hit by enemy marksmen, but he finally did contract a tropical ailment that forced him back to the states.

His best story of the war hasn't anything to do with his own experience. It happened one night at the front on Bougainville.

"The Jap likes to try to fool Marines sometimes by jumping into a two-man foxhole, then jumping right out hoping the Marines will attack each other," Turrissi related. "This night a Jap dived in all right, but the Marines outsmarted him. Both jumped out simultaneously, shooting bursts from their rifles back into the hole. That Jap didn't jump out."

NK

Corpls. Ben Weiner, Cliff Stone, Herman Youvon, Bob Hern and Jim Hare overhaul a rubber boat after a recent shore party operation



"F" Co., too square a shooter to detail a subordinate to a suicide job, scouted ahead of his group as they approached a strategic pill box on their beach. He then led his men up the side of the emplacement and directed the placing of a heavy demolition charge which secured that stronghold. That man was First Lieutenant Alexander Bonneyman. A moment after the explosion, a sniper claimed his life.

When the Second Division was relieved, the Marines in the Pioneers were among the last troops to depart from the scene of bloody Tarawa. Once out of the combat area, the old "bull sessions" came into their

ahead of their scheduled time to care for the many wounded on the beaches. They later established one of the first medical aid stations on the island.

"And then," volunteered another, "we can't forget that mess sergeant, Edward L. (Ed) Yates, of Wray, Colorado, who'd get a launch from the boat pool and go out to the transports, returning to the beach loaded down with *fresh bread*, a luxury those days!"

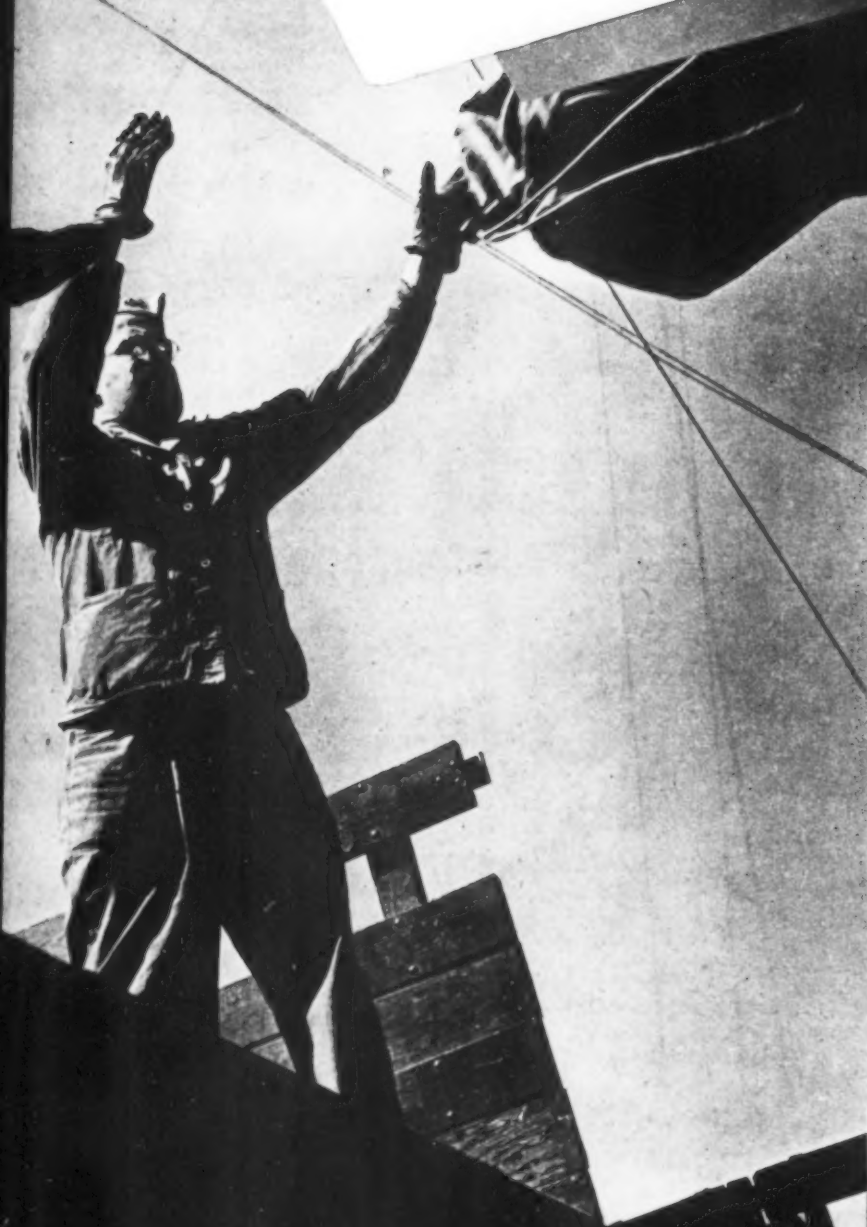
These and many more similar incidents when pieced together, formed the pattern of an organization typified by its name—Pioneer.

END

Meet your
Marine Corps

90 Fleet P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

MAIL from home! Nothing but final victory is more important to Marines fighting overseas, or to any other American service man in any theater of this global war. Our military leaders know what it means to morale, and no effort is spared to insure speedy and efficient delivery of overseas mail, as this picture story of the San Francisco Fleet Post Office shows. Arriving in San Francisco in pouches tagged for the Fleet Post Office, mail for all naval personnel in the Pacific leaves the San Francisco Post Office for the FPO by truckload every few minutes. No individual sorting is necessary until the mail arrives at the FPO, where the Marine section alone handles as much outgoing mail on an average day as the city of Denver. Overseas personnel files, kept up to date with change sheets, make it possible for Marines shifted to other outfits or in hospitals to get their mail quickly. Most overseas mail goes by air, and deliveries are made right up to the battle lines.

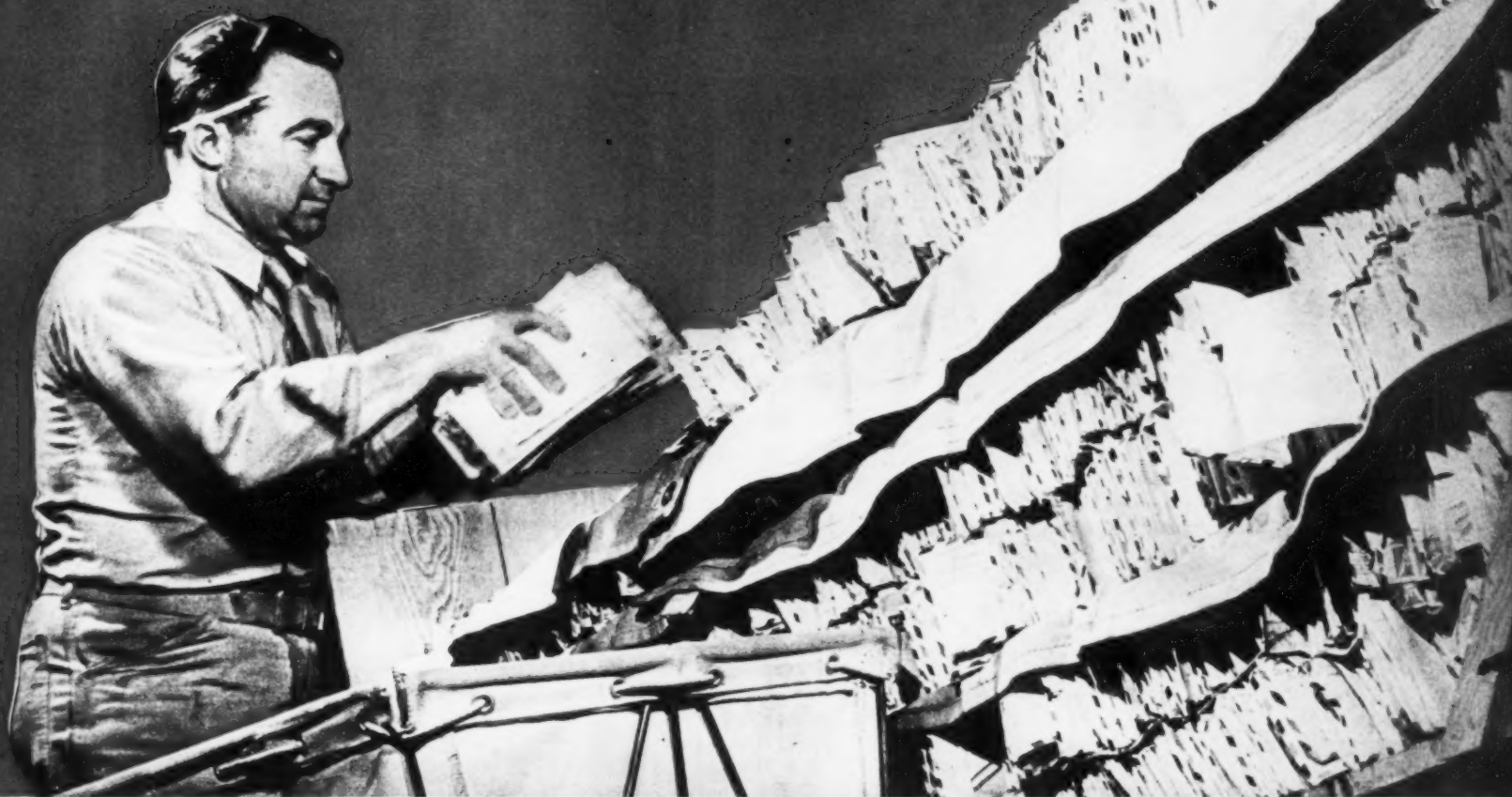


Mail for overseas Marines pours into the San Francisco Fleet Post Office by truckloads and is tossed into waiting carts upon arrival



Mail by the ton is delivered like this to parcel post, ordinary mail and air mail departments of the FPO's Marine Corps section

Tons of outgoing mail, equal to the volume handled by the city of Denver, are sent daily through the Trisna FPO to Marines overseas



Bulk of all mail routed through the San Francisco Fleet Post Office is new records. Letters shown here have come in during the course of one air mail, and the speed and efficiency of overseas delivery are setting

new records. Letters shown here have come in during the course of one morning, are being unloaded and piled high on racks for the casing crew



"Casing the mail" is the key operation of the FPO. First the mail is sorted for larger units, then for smaller, down to battalions



Enlisted men form the casing crews of the Marine section. This is the parcel post department, where routine is the same as for air mail and ordinary mail

Tom Page

FLEET POST OFFICE (continued)



Women Marines handle the endless job of keeping the FPO files up to date with the muster rolls which are sent in with changes of overseas stations. After being sorted down to battalions, letters are "tied out" in bundles, not to be opened again until they reach the hands of battalion mail clerk.



Bundles for battalions are tossed into mail pouches addressed to regiments. SSgt. Buford N. Tiffin qualifies as an expert tosser.



Full sacks of outgoing mail are tossed into the chute. At bottom, other Marines place sacks on carts to be loaded in waiting trucks.



Mail is delivered to plane for trans-Pacific flight. Within a few days it will be in the hands of Marines on island fighting fronts.

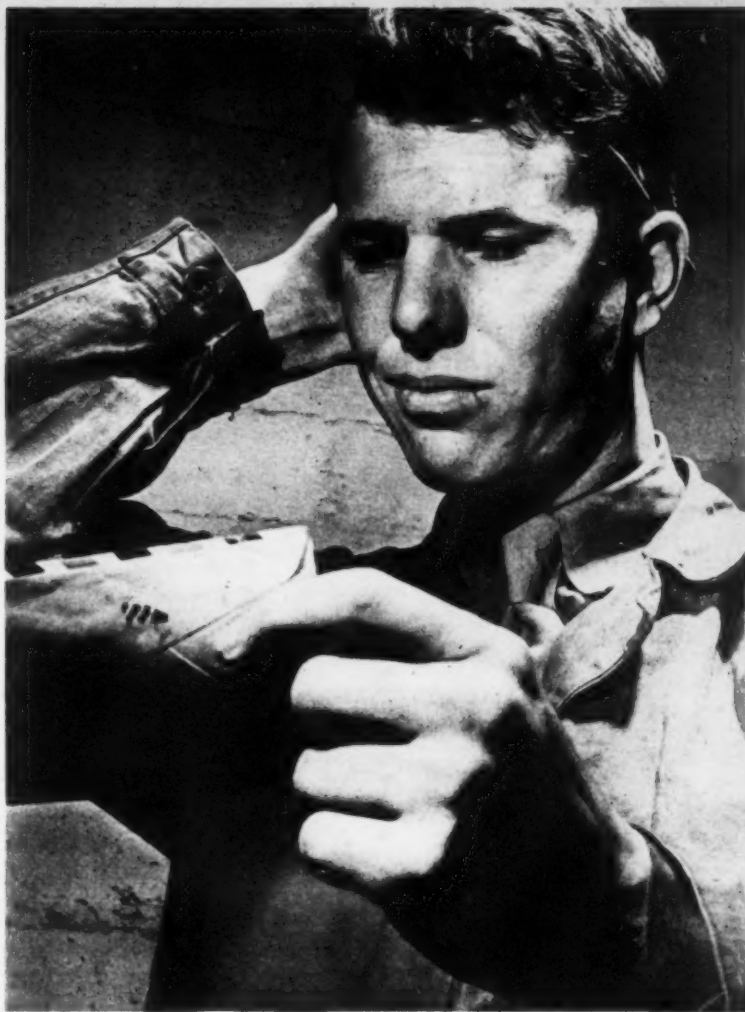


Packages which do not make connections with addressees in the South Pacific are returned for checking and forwarding



Packages of food returned from the South Pacific are sometimes in this condition

Marine Raiders sort out a shipment of mail, the last word from home before they go into battle against Japs



Incorrect mailing address means delay

Vague and inaccurate addresses are the biggest problem of Fleet Post Office casing section. PFC Norman Killough puzzles over this letter to a Marine somewhere in the Pacific, which probably will be thrown aside and delayed while searchers check files for correct address. Be sure to give right address to your family and friends (and THE LEATHERNECK)

Combat Patrol

A Marine sketches the life he knew while on Bougainville as part of an outfit of Paramarines

PATROLLING is tough detail under best of conditions, but combat patrols in jungle warfare really draw heavy duty. And, as at Bougainville, when the combat patrol is a detachment from a paramarine battalion the going is plenty rough. Patrols usually are detached from the main body for missions of reconnaissance or security, or both. On combat assignment their tasks are to learn as much as possible about enemy positions for information of the main unit and to knock off as many Japs in the process as they can. For this sort of thing a Marine must be a combination of raider, scout, expert rifleman and, in the case of paramarines, not too big, but mighty rugged. The following pencil sketches were drawn on rough paper by PFC James B. Treadway, USMCR, while attached to a combat patrol on Bougainville Island. Treadway was a rifleman with a paramarine outfit. His sketches show some obstacles encountered on a routine patrolling mission through the South Pacific jungle.



Getting squared away. The paratroop patrol has landed and leaders first check directions with prismatic compass before shoving off



Before moving, leaders also explain mission, each man's task, signals; climbing slippery slope in single file, indication of enemy sighted



Patrols make few stops for rest. When halts are necessary, defensible position, good security are sought. Patrols can't overlook good water



Through jungle swamps, column of files has point and connecting unit ahead, with main body bunched more, and rear point. Going gets tougher



Welcome halt. K-rations are eaten hurriedly. While men relax, leaders re-check position, assign security watches, dispatch messages to base



Halted for night. Low ground is chosen for foxholes so as to silhouette approaching persons against sky. Men doze, with weapons at the ready

END

The Leatherneck Speaks

By William Rose Benet

When shall we hear again, d'ye think, from Barney Bright of Chester,
McCandless of Indian Harbor, or Grogan of Hagerstown?
A PFC, a Topkick, a Shavetail; grouch and jester
And pal—if you ever had one—though his voice might get you down.

The sun's like hell on the coral; the sand is churned to blazes;
The palms are ripped and tattered; and craters everywhere.
The surf has a stain, the heavy smoke hangs in a maze of hazes;
Judgment Day's in the ear-drums; havoc curdles the air.

I remember a guy called Casimir, a Hunk that was hunky-dory;
That mustache of Captain Murphy's, that red-head Corporal Foy;
And a guine way from up in the Bronx, his name was Salvatore;
And Satenstein from Chicago; and a lad named Holtz from Troy.

They were all the same, they were good Gyrenes, they were there when
the chips were down;

They were pasted flat to those beachheads for a burning day and a night.
Platoon by platoon, through that spouting lagoon they waded and went
to town;

They gunned for pill-box and spider-trap; they knew they were in a fight.

They poked fox-holes in the coral; they were blasted, but they stayed.
They were boys from Georgia and Minnesota, guys from New Mex and
Maine.

They hung to it under the sea-wall; took shrapnel; pitched grenade.
The corpsmen were in there to mend 'em; they got to their feet again.

You can chatter about the glory. I knew the guys that are dead.
Yeah, most guys have a lot of guts—I know that too, by the way.
November dusk was ruddy, and the air was hot with lead;
And Butch McKeever from Hammondsport was floating dead in the bay;

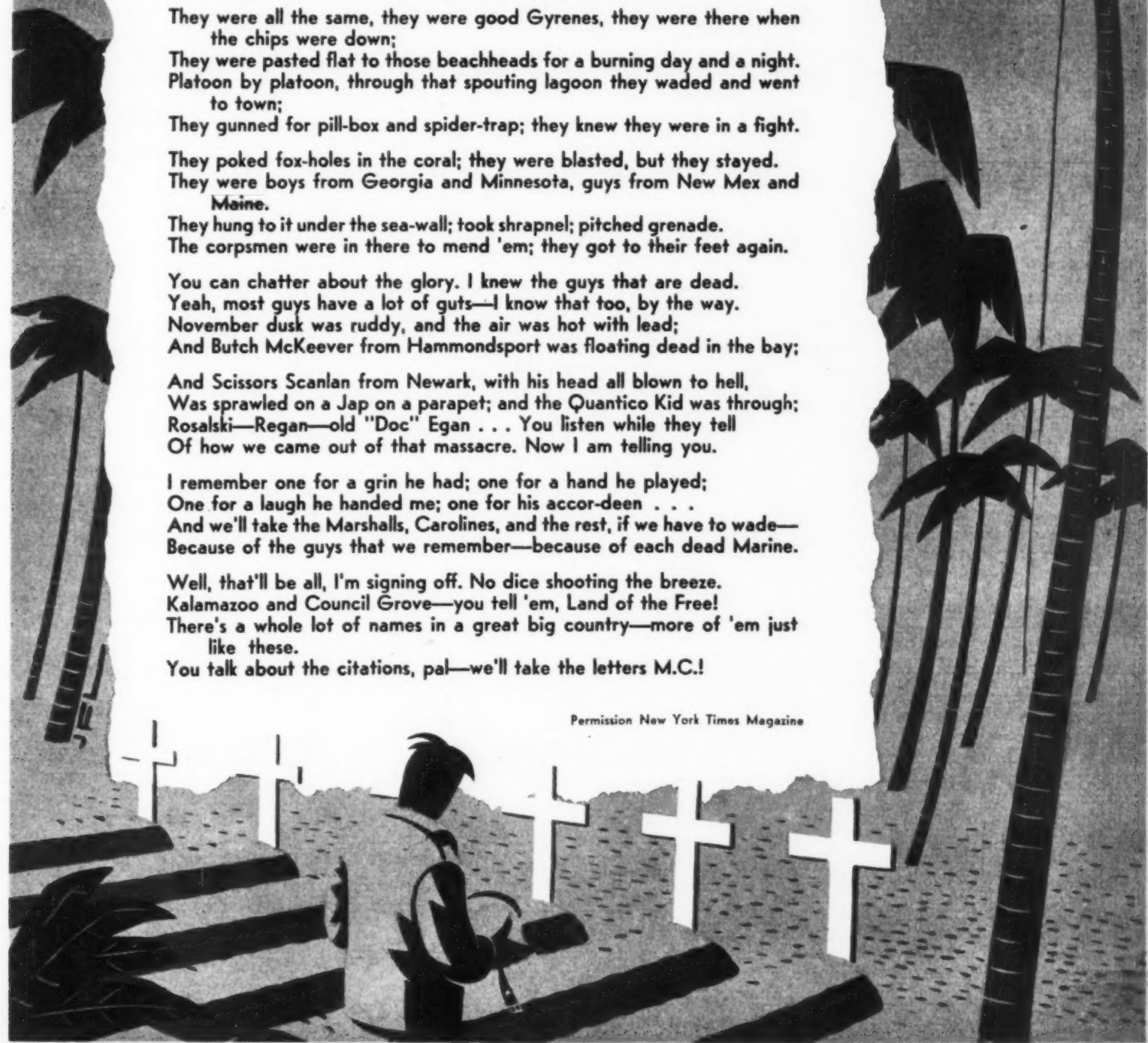
And Scissors Scanlan from Newark, with his head all blown to hell,
Was sprawled on a Jap on a parapet; and the Quantico Kid was through;
Rosalski—Regan—old "Doc" Egan . . . You listen while they tell
Of how we came out of that massacre. Now I am telling you.

I remember one for a grin he had; one for a hand he played;
One for a laugh he handed me; one for his accor-deen . . .
And we'll take the Marshalls, Carolines, and the rest, if we have to wade—
Because of the guys that we remember—because of each dead Marine.

Well, that'll be all, I'm signing off. No dice shooting the breeze.
Kalamazoo and Council Grove—you tell 'em, Land of the Free!
There's a whole lot of names in a great big country—more of 'em just
like these.

You talk about the citations, pal—we'll take the letters M.C.!

Permission New York Times Magazine



"Mop-Up beyond Betio"

By Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert



As He Pulled Rollins Behind a Tree a Jap Sniper Began to Spray Him With Bullets

BACK home in Tom Green County, Texas, Corporal Arlton K. Wallace used to hunt jackrabbits with an old .45 caliber revolver which had belonged to his grandfather.

This practice with the old pistol may have been Arlton's salvation. Anyway, it stood him in good stead when, wounded and armed with only a service pistol, he engaged in a duel with a Japanese Imperial Marine who was firing a sub-machine gun.

This gun-play between Corporal Wallace and the Nipper took place on the northernmost islet of Tarawa Atoll in the Gilberts, some days after the conquest of the main Jap forces on Betio island.

When Betio had been secured the Marine battalion of which Arlton was a member got the job of mopping up Japanese resistance on the northern islets. Betio was at the southern end of the atoll. From Betio, the battalion crossed the lagoon by boat to a tiny islet. Thereafter, the Marines proceeded by foot for 45 miles, going from islet to islet on the spine-like coral reefs which could be traversed at low tide.

These crossings were not without difficulties. Sometimes, the Marines went across the reefs in surf up to their arm-pits, holding their weapons and other gear over their heads. On these crossings, Wallace was holding over his head the same BAR which he had toted throughout the later stages of the Guadalcanal campaign. But he is six feet, two inches in altitude, a convenient height for crossing water-washed reefs.

It was a trip not without interest. The Nippers, when they fortified Betio, had moved out all of the natives. The other islets were well-populated with the Gilbert Islanders. The Marines passed in review through native villages. In one of these they met the chief of Tarawa and his comely grand-daughter.

Wallace described the chief's grand-daughter (she was known as the Queen of Tarawa) as follows: "Dorothy Lamour hasn't got a single thing on that gal."

The islets were only about 250 yards wide, on the average. So, it was easy to patrol them thoroughly. According to reports, around 500 Nippers were on a pinpoint of an islet at the northern end of the atoll known as Lone Pine Islet. Adjoining

Lone Pine was a larger islet, 300 yards wide by four miles long.

On the third day of the march two companies of the battalion bivouacked on the southern tip of this island and set up a line for the night. During the night the 500 or so Nips crossed the lagoon and set up a line of their own on the island. They made a light attack on one of the American companies in the darkness and then withdrew when they got a hot reply from Marine rifles.

The next morning the two companies of Marines started moving forward in a skirmish line. They met heavy resistance from the start. There was little cover, save for cocoanut trees, which often did not turn bullets, and taro root beds. These taro root beds formed pretty good foxholes for they were several feet deep.

"But them 'elephant ear beds' of the na-

Sgt. Jack Vanderbeck goes home from Betio with his New Zealand bride--next page

tives was just like hog-wallows," said Wallace. "Anyway I looked like a hog after I'd fallen into a few of them as we moved up."

After about two hours of this sort of fighting Wallace ran out of ammunition for his BAR. He picked up the Thompson sub-machine gun and ammunition of a dead comrade. Wallace was lying in a taro root bed when he received a command from his company commander, Captain Tom Wheeler of Seattle, Washington. For the patrol, Captain Wheeler had worn only an overseas cap complete with bars attached. But he was lying in a nearby root bed with a fine nonchalance despite all of the mud on his face.

"I am moving up to that cocoanut tree on the left," announced Captain Wheeler. "And I'll take the tree on the right, sir," said Wallace.

The two men dashed for their trees through a heavy Jap fire, and both made it, except that Corporal Wallace was shot through the flesh of his left arm.

"This is right on!" shouted the ebullient Captain Wheeler, before he noticed that Wallace had been hit.

"Right on!" echoed Wallace.

PFC G. E. Rollins, a platoon runner and a very lion-hearted lad, attempted to move up beside Wallace, but was shot by a sniper as he ran and fell beside the corporal. He was dead, but Wallace didn't know it then. He tried to pull Rollins behind the tree. A pattern of machine gun bullets, fired by a sniper in a tree only 15 feet away, sprayed around Wallace's tree and the tall Texas boy was hit in both hands. His right index finger was blasted off and there was a big wound in the palm of his left hand.

"With both my hands so bogered up," said Wallace, "I couldn't operate my Tommy gun."

Rollins had a pistol. Wallace reached out a bloody hand and got the pistol. Then he played dead. The lower part of his body was exposed to the sniper in the nearby tree. The sniper must have figured that both of the American Marines were dead. The Japanese's yellow face appeared through the fronds of the trees. Through nearly-closed eyes, Wallace watched the Nipper. Then he raised the pistol and fired eight rounds into the yellow face. The Jap screamed, perhaps first in surprise and then in pain. A tomato catsup smear appeared on the Jap's face and the sniper tumbled from his roost, bringing his submachine gun with him.

It was then that Wallace, on orders from Captain Wheeler, got to his feet and made a dash to the rear. He sprinted back to his "hog wallow" in the taro root bed. On the way he lost his belt. Anyway, with his dungaree trousers falling, he made it to the taro root bed.

The firing let up a bit (when the fight was over all of the 500 Nippers were slain), and Wallace walked three miles back to Sick Bay on an adjoining islet. He left a trail of blood all the way.

So did First Sergeant Vanderbeck of Omaha, who'd also been wounded in the morning fire fight. On the way back, they got another glimpse of the Queen of Tarawa.

"She's really a beautiful dame. Dorothy Lamour doesn't have a thing—" said Corporal Wallace.

"She's only fair looking," interrupted the First Sergeant.

END

FAMILY REUNION

BACK from Betio and beyond where he was wounded, back from the land of the Kiwis where he recuperated and took a wife, came 1st Sgt. Jack Vanderbeck, bringing his bride to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Vanderbeck of Omaha, Nebr. Reason enough for a family reunion, the relatives came to say "Hello".



Lacking ration points for a fattened calf, the family nevertheless ate a good meal; were more interested in hearing about Jack's experiences and learning about New Zealand from the bride



"Pa" Vanderbeck, structural steel worker, tells his new "daughter" about life in the U. S. They decide Yanks, Kiwis have much in common

At birthday party given by Marines' moms and dads Patti blows out the candles and says "Kia Ora" to all her new "cobbers" in The States



Wounded on Tarawa atoll, Jack hopes hand will heal before end of 30-day furlough. In pain, he bites his tongue as Patti dresses the wound

"When I yell chow," Jack informs 'the Missus', "I want action!" Like dutiful wife, she listens, but has her own ideas of who's to be boss





Ready to uphold in combat the tradition of one of the Marine Corps' most famed fighter squadrons, these VMF-112 officers are the cubs of the new Wolf Pack. Most of the pilots are new, just completing their training, but a few are veterans like Major Herman (Hap) Hansen, Jr., commander of the

squadron, standing in front of the prop in the back row. He won the DFC for his part in the air fighting over Guadalcanal and soon will get another crack at the Japs. In place of the Grumman Wildcats flown by the original Wolf Pack, these pilots will hunt Zeros in gull-winged F4U Vought Corsairs



These ground crewmen helped when the original Wolf Pack shot down 86 Jap planes, are ready to go back into action with the new edition of VMF-112

Pilots flap their wings (air talk for shoot the breeze), play checkers, drink cokes and smoke as they wait for their flights in the ready room



A Day with the

Wolf Pack



A NEW Wolf Pack is on the prowl and Jap planes, not feminine charms, are its quarry. Reorganized with new personnel, VMF-112, Marine fighter squadron which won fame on Guadalcanal, is ready for another crack at the enemy. For months fleet F4Us piloted by Marines wearing the familiar wolf's head insignia have been roaring up from runways on a California mesa overlooking the blue Pacific, bank-

ing as they approach the mountains where John C. Fremont cut the San Marcus pass and droning on over Santa Barbara in formation. The forty-three pilots already knew how to fly when they joined the squadron, so they have spent their time getting accustomed to the feel of their highpowered Vought Corsair planes and to the tricky teamwork of close fighter formations. They have practiced all the tricks of aerial combat, along with ground strafing, sleeve target practice and simulated carrier landings. Their day begins at 0700 and secures at 1930—seven times a week. The pilots are only one part of the team, and they are the first to admit they could not fly, let alone fight, if it were not for the three other departments and the six ground officers in their unit. As they say, "everything would be fubar" without the ground crew, which keeps their planes flying; ordnance, which keeps the guns firing, and material, which keeps necessary supplies moving. All hands take pride in the great combat record of the old Wolf Pack, which shot down eighty-six Jap planes and sank one destroyer, losing only two pilots in eighteen weeks of fighting on the 'Canal. That record was made with Grumman Wildcats, by fliers like Major Paul J. Fontana, Major Robert Fraser and Captain Sam Logan. As is customary, old One-Twelve was broken up when it was relieved by another squadron, and its personnel has been shuttled into other outfits. But the name and spirit of the Wolf Pack still live, and there will be a lot more Jap flags on its tally board before long. **END**



Skeet shooting is good training for fighter pilots, and the way they knock off clay pigeons spells trouble for Jap Zeros



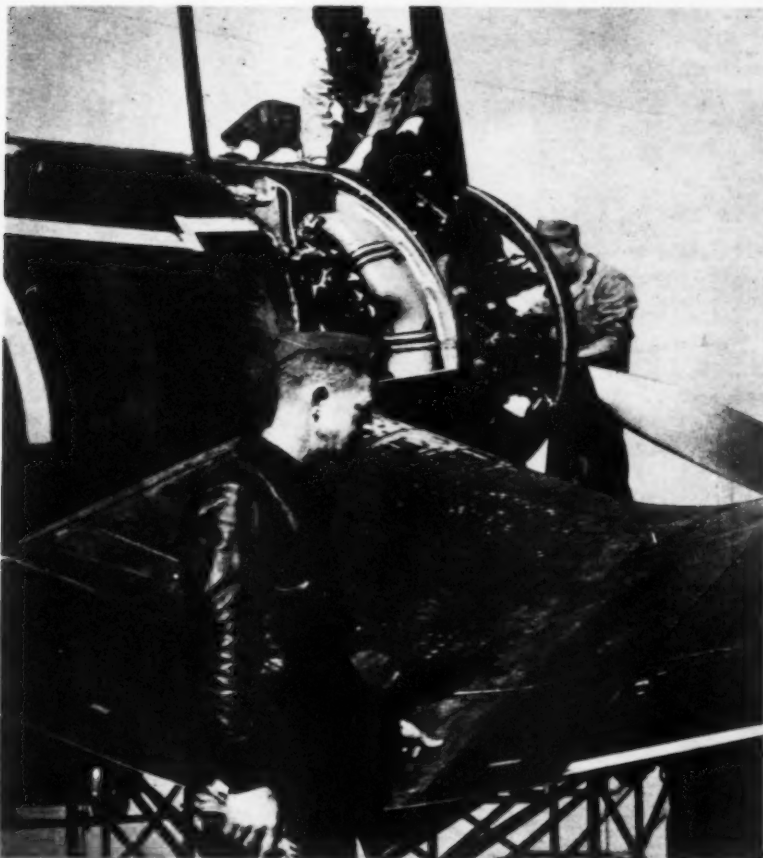
Major Francis E. Pierce shows three of the Wolf Pack pilots how their final training as an air combat team is progressing on squadron operations board



Each pilot fires ammunition dipped in a distinctive color so he can tell which of the hits scored on the target sleeve are his



Deadly fangs of the Wolf Pack are bared. Ground crewmen load the .50 caliber machine guns which fire from fixed positions in wings of the speedy Corsairs



1st Lt. Alexander A. Case, the squadron's assistant engineering officer, was cited for his outstanding work in maintaining aircraft on Guadalcanal



2nd Lt. J. E. Miller stands by as his fellow pilot, 2nd Lt. E. P. McAleer, climbs into his plane for a training flight with squadron

In tight and perfect formation, the sleek Corsair fighters wing out over the Pacific. Teamwork, creed of the Wolf Pack, mean:

He covered the h...
When the Nips came...
They couldn't find a so...



WAR PAINT

EVER since Mother Eve tried out a fig leaf for size, her daughters have been practicing the art of camouflage to make things seem "like what they ain't." The cute trick in the pic only goes to prove what every man knows; that when they're out for game the members of the fair sex are as adept in the use of war paint as any battle-bound Indian or African native. Most men, however, have shown themselves more expert at deception in other matters than the business of war. And while there's many a wolf hiding out in a foxhole, no one will be deceived unless both the hole and the man are camouflaged. In the Gayety Burlesque grease paint covers the subject, but in the Pacific theatre, a bit of war paint is preferable to either grease paint or sheep's clothing. On this and the following pages, THE LEATHERNECK illustrates some basic reasons for camouflage, the science of being where, when and how you ain't.



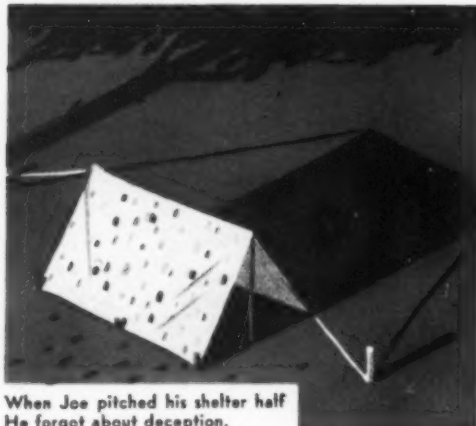
This Marine is named Joe Dope
He wouldn't paint his face.
If 'twas good enough for Podunk
'Twas good enough for this place.



Or when he did paint it
He wasn't on the ball,
So that the total effect
Was worse than none at all.



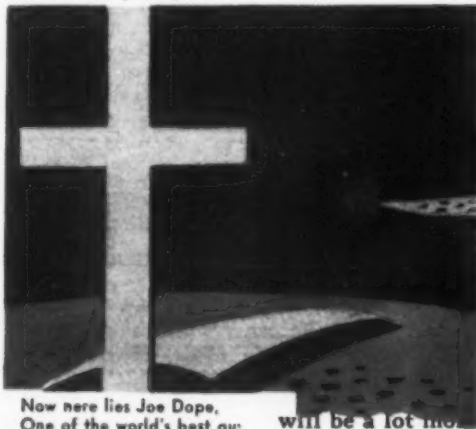
Joe dug himself a foxhole.
But he left the dirt around,
Which told the Jap snipers
Just where he could be found.



When Joe pitched his shelter half
He forgot about deception.
He left it neatly in the open
For the enemy's inspection.



Pai Joey "never had the time"
To make up like bush or rock
Until a sniper sighted him
At exactly six o'clock.



Now here lies Joe Dope,
One of the world's best gun
He simply forgot to run
That the Nips also had

will be a lot more

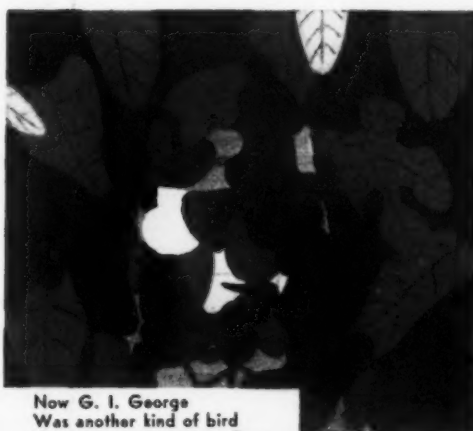


A little know-how will let you look like what you ain't, be where you aren't and stay alive to pull a fast one on the enemy

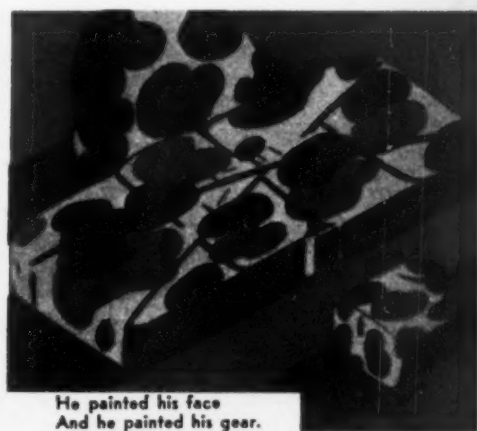
Camouflage enables you to get and remain within striking distance of the enemy. It helps you to hide your position, equipment and personnel from him. It can deceive him as to your true position, strength or intentions. It makes it possible for you to lure him into a trap or trick him into a position where you can pick him off easily.

It permits you to keep an eye on him while he tries in vain to find you. The use of camouflage has saved many a man's life while failure to use it properly or at the right time and place has proven costly.

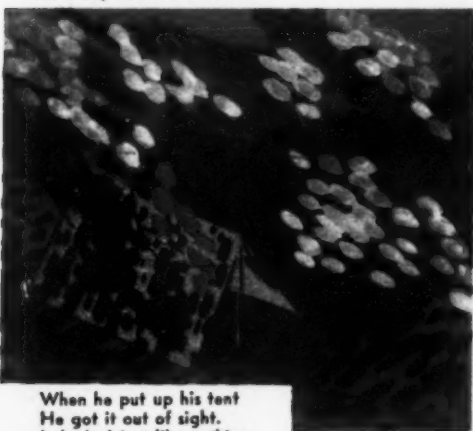
All in all, camouflage is a colorful, interesting and worthwhile subject of study for any man going into combat. It's an inexpensive kind of life insurance.



Now G. I. George
Was another kind of bird
When it came to camouflage
He really had the word.



He painted his face
And he painted his gear.
He painted it properly
That's why he's still here.



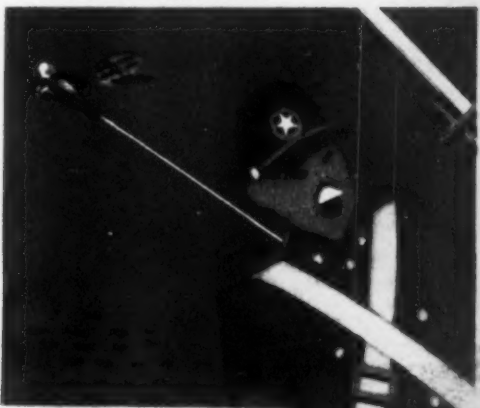
When he put up his tent
He got it out of sight.
It looked just like nothing
To the Zeros in flight.



When he dug a foxhole
He carried away the sand
To make his little foxhole
Look like the adjacent land.

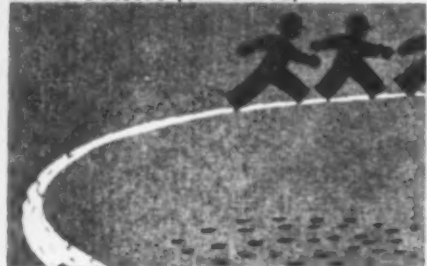


With weeds and grass
He covered the hole.
When the Nips came by
They couldn't find a soul.



But George got a bead
On every Jap.
The suckers fell
For his foxhole trap.

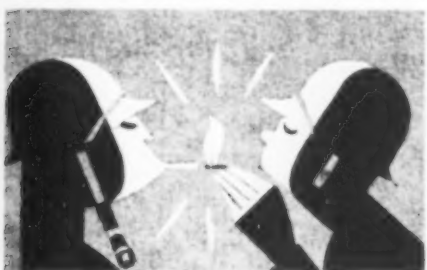
Turn Page



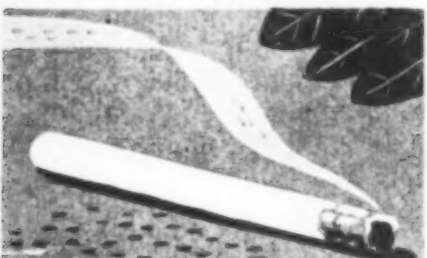
TRACKS must never terminate at a true position. Be crazy like a fox, take them past the position you're holding and back track to where you're going



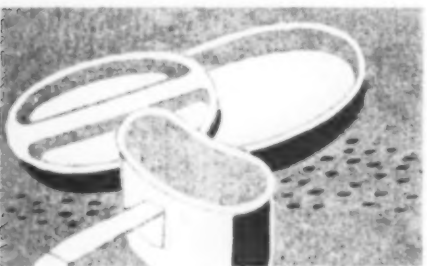
FACES may look swell in the limelight, but you'd better keep yours well under cover when there happens to be a hostile plane passing overhead



LIGHTS for a cigaret are as bad as a bonfire during the night-time because both will give away your position equally well. Shield flame and glow



CIGARET butts left burning around a bivouac area are guiding lights for the enemy. You better get rid of them like you used to do in boot camp



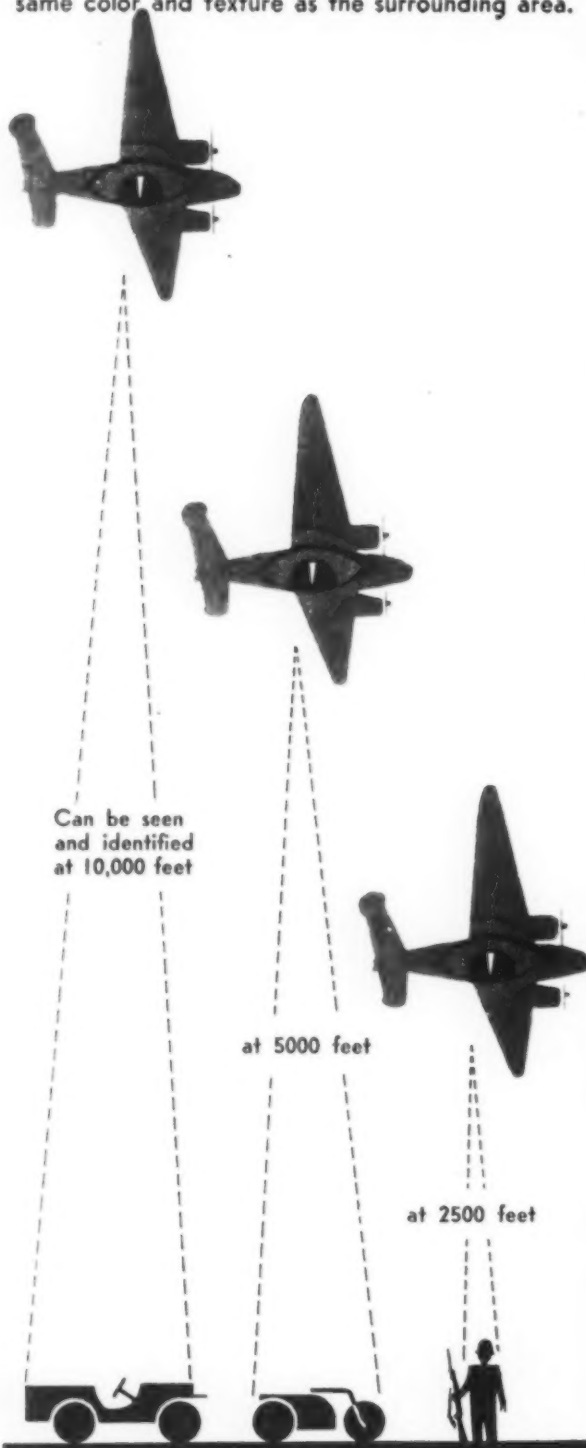
SHINY weapons or mess gear are things you'll never have near you if you're bright. They act like mirrors when the sunlight hits a surface



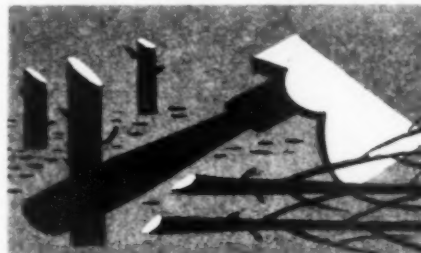
SCIVVIE shirts may be tattle-tale gray, but yours is white enough to reveal your whereabouts should you become careless and wear it openly

THE EYE IS WHY

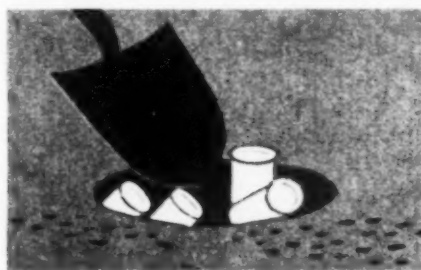
You may know all the rules of camouflage, but they won't do you any more good than the rules of etiquette, unless you discipline yourself to observe them. Here are a few do's and don'ts to keep the enemy from observing you. You must remember that he has two positions from which he can observe you—the ground and the air. To hide an object from aerial observation, conceal its form by distorting its shape, make its size appear to be what it is not, break-up or obliterate its shadow and try to cover the object you are concealing with material of the same color and texture as the surrounding area.



SHORTCUT paths will lead the Japs right to you, so you'd better not take any short cuts. Get in the well worn groove and then stay right there



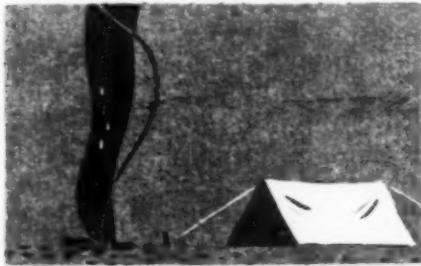
BRUSH for camouflage never should be taken by the "scorched earth" plan of grabbing it all from one place; take a little here, a little there



CANS left behind you are like those well known footprints in the sands of time. You better get up off your can and go bury them while you can



HORIZONS are what the Nip sniper lies beyond ready to pick you off. Stay off that skyline and live to see the Rising Sun set, but not on you



SMOKE gets in your eyes and in the foe's too, if you let it rise straight up. Build your fires under trees where branches will spread the smoke



SHADOWS and yourself may be inseparable, but if you stay on the shady side and well away from the lighted backgrounds you'll live much longer

FRESH

as mountain air!

THAT'S HOW FRESH APPLE "HONEY" HELPS

TO KEEP — OLD GOLD

• Fine tobacco, of course. But more than that, you want the cool, mellow smoothness that means your cigarette is fresh. Freshness gives you more flavor, finer taste, more aroma.

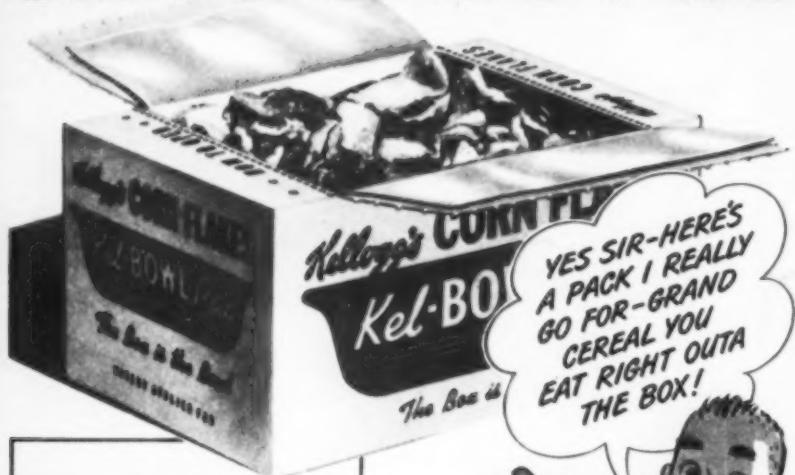
Apple "Honey," the essence of ruddy, juice-packed apples—helps hold the natural freshness of Old Gold's fine tobaccos plus imported Latakia—the "something new" which has been added for richer, smoother flavor.

Old Gold's freshness has helped to win a million new friends. Try them and see why!



Kellogg's GREAT WARTIME INNOVATION

Kel-BOWL-Pac



1. OPEN HER UP



2. GIVE HER THE "COW"



3. EAT 'EM UP

KELLOGG'S CEREALS in the Kel-BOWL-Pac sure get a first-class rating from officers and men—particularly Q.M.'s. The "pac" is a handy unit to log, per man. Contents keep fresh, crisp, and with full grand flavor. Speeds up the morning chow line—each man gets his serving, opens it up, gives it the milk, and he's eating his cereal pronto. Cuts down tin-ware bother—no pans or plates to police.

And inside the "pacs" are Kellogg's Cereals—real he-man FOOD. These famous cereals are either whole grain, or the equal of whole grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

Yes sir, Kellogg's Kel-BOWL-Pac is the fighting man's natural.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES ★ RICE KRISPIES ★ PEP ★ 40%BRAN FLAKES

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

How's Your IQ



Standard aviation taxi signals came recently for Navy and Marine Corps airmen. A signalman who parks planes on crowded carrier decks and small fields holds an important job in combat flying. The twenty silhouettes below show signals used day or night. A short light wand attached to an ordinary flashlight held in each hand is used at night.



Left hand up, beckoning; right hand down or right up, left down



Hand drawn across neck in "throat-cutting" motion



Downward patting motion, hands out at waist level



Arms in hugging position, then swept out to sides



Arms, from straight out, swept in to hug shoulders



Hands together overhead, then opened to form a V



Right thumb jerked up to meet horizontal left hand



Both hands in beckoning position, shoulder high



Both hands in clenched position, shoulder high



Hands, thumbs pointed out, swept apart at waist level



Hands overhead in V, then suddenly brought together



Hands, opened wide from wrists, suddenly closed



Hands, thumbs pointed in, swept together at waist



Palms held at shoulder level, fingers extended



Right hand clenched, thumb extended. Night light shown



Hands flat together, then opened wide from wrists



This indicates to pilot to start something. What?

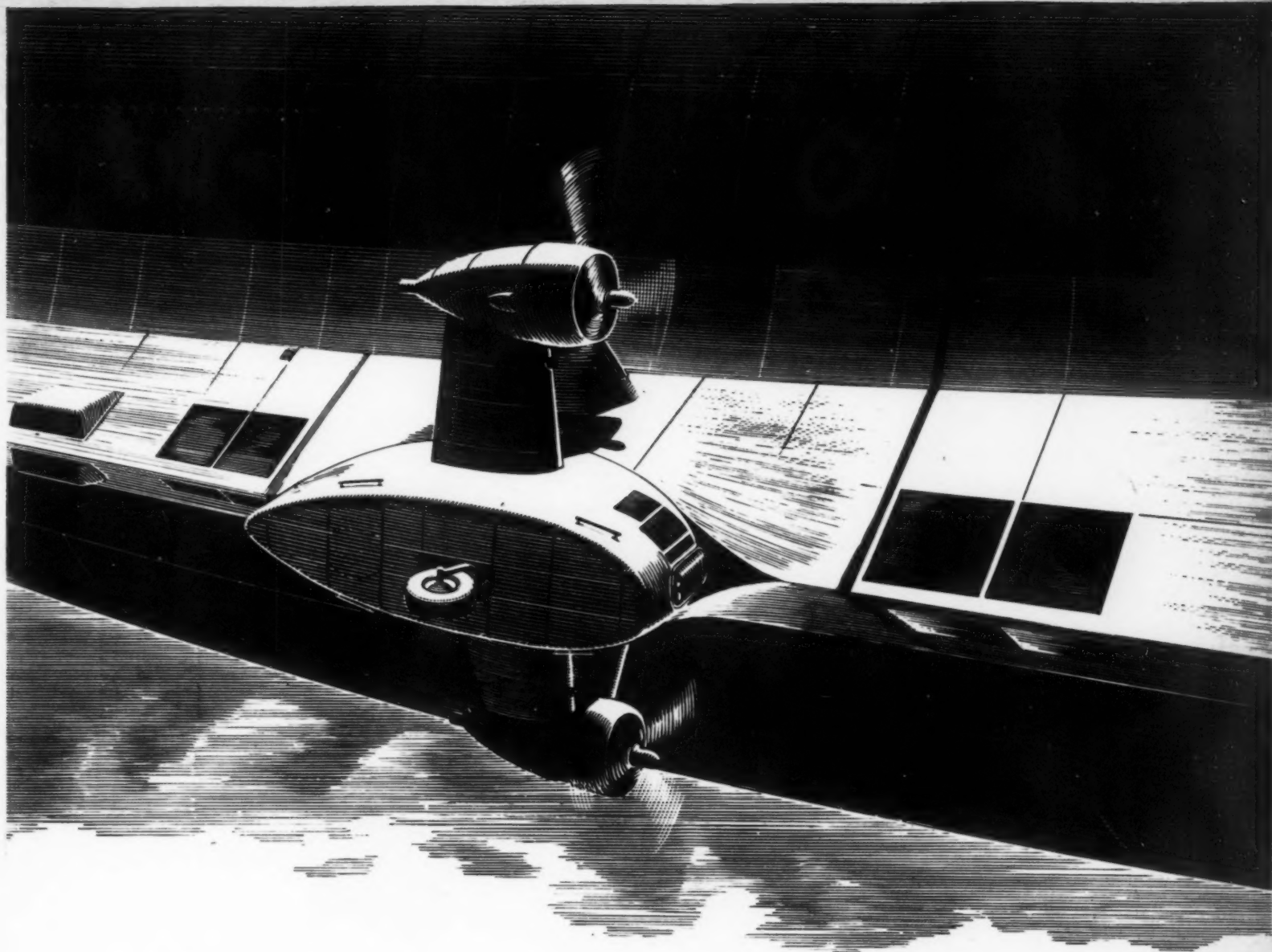


Hands, flat against sides of head, "opened" forward



Both hands pointed at next succeeding taxi signalman

For Answers See Page 63

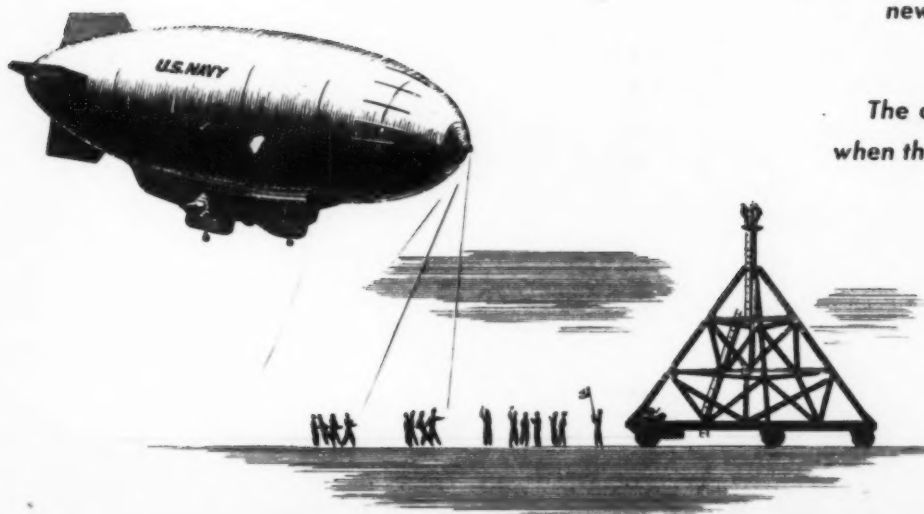


reverse thrust puts brakes on blimps

The ease of handling achieved in the Navy's new "M" airship, largest non-rigid type ever built, again illustrates the versatility of the Curtiss Electric.

This first application of fully controllable-reversible propellers to lighter-than-air craft provides many advantages. Reverse thrust allows a smaller crew to halt and moor the new blimps when, relieved of fuel and bomb loads, they must be flown down in light condition.

The controllable feature contributes to faster take-off when the blimps, heavily loaded, depend on dynamic lift to leave the ground, and in addition increases the range through reduced fuel consumption.



CURTISS

ELECTRIC PROPELLERS

Curtiss-Wright Corporation, Propeller Division



At Ease:

A Marine's Best Friend is his Bazooka



As he appears on his
Thursday night show

WELL, now, to tell you the honest to goodness truth, it was like this. When Bob Burns enlisted in the Marines and went to war in 1917, that infernal bazooka went right along with him.

It was his familiarity with hunting and guns that led Burns to a Marine recruiting station in Chicago when war came in 1917. Marines, he said, offered the best chance for quickest combat duty; and guns—well, he liked them, and at boot camp at Parris Island he fired expert and was such a good teacher he was kept on there as a coach at the range for 17 long months.

He got to be a gunny sergeant, fired with the Marines in championship matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, did his share of dusting off boots' rears with a board, and would probably have remained at P. I. until mustering out if it hadn't been for one thing. That thing was the bazooka.

Bob had been blowing the bazooka—he invented it and named it—for years. He had left Arkansas as a wander-loving kid; had gone hungry riding box cars and the blind baggage, worked as a deckhand on freighters from Florida to Chesapeake Bay to Boston harbor, and was soliciting advertising for a Chicago newspaper when war came. Every time he'd land in a new port, if he'd lost one bazooka, he'd go to



The jazz band that went to France, George Meine at drums; George Lehrutter, banjo; Burns, Red Huffman, piano; Dick Stout, Ralph Scott

TURN PAGE

Lois Collier—Opposite Page

This bit of brunette loveliness, our pin-up selection this month, plays in pictures for Universal

Gorgeous!

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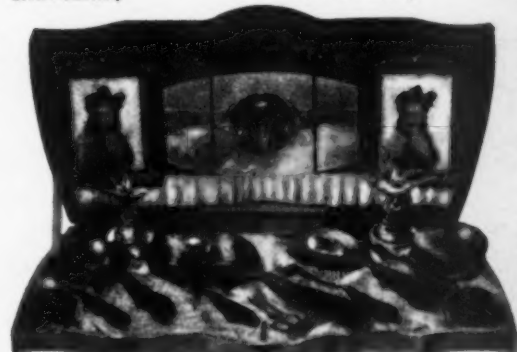
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"Coach" Burns was the title at P. I., where he shot expert



a pipefitter and get another instrument made to specifications. They cost about \$2.25. When he enlisted he was going to leave his latest bazooka behind, but the recruiting sergeant, a Marine named Needles, told him to bring it along. He said it might help to pass away the time on the trip to P. I.

It did, and it later helped Bob get overseas. He and several buddies had organized a jazz band featuring the Burns "secret weapon." They played for camp dances and attracted the attention of General Coles and Captain Jackson. They decided to send the band across as an entertainment unit and the overjoyed musicians sailed to join the 11th Regiment.

Bob claims the 11th was "the shootingest outfit in the Marines." He did all right himself. He was one of 1400 survivors in the eliminations of the A. E. F. rifle and pistol championships, and in the finals the Arkansas bazooka artist finished high man in rapid fire. He has a gold medal proclaiming him division champion.

Robbin never saw actual combat, however, because the armistice had been signed by the time the jazz band got over, but the boys saw plenty of action otherwise. They played for dances all over France.

Bob said he thought he and his dynamic jazz banders were the last Marines to leave France. The band had a special pass to go anywhere they pleased and it was signed by General Pershing, General LeJeune, and Bob's CO, Colonel Van Orden. One day Bob got a wire from the colonel ordering the band to report immediately to Brest for embarkation. Bob said he tucked the message in his pocket and seemed to forget about it.

"I tell you," he said, "We were havin' a great time over there. We were playing for dances and pickin' up easy money doin' it. In Paris the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune said we were 'the rage of Gay Paree.' Honest, I tell you, it was great. We really didn't want to go home and it's no wonder I didn't think about that telegram until five weeks later."



Right out of the old album came this one—Bob at 7-8

The band finally got to Brest, and after checking in at a hotel, they began playing more dances. One day they performed aboard a minelayer in the harbor for Commander Packer. He offered to give the boys space aboard to come home. But the next day they ran afoul of an efficient reserve army captain who ordered them to get out of their hotel and report to his cantonment.

"What was even worse, he told us our pass wasn't any good anymore and that we'd go home on what ship he said and when he got ready to send us. And in addition, we'd go back with full packs and rifles and not be any different from any of the soldiers in his company."

The band promptly got in touch with the sympathetic minelayer commander and events followed swiftly. The Marines commandeered an army truck to get out of the army camp and dashed down to the docks. The Navy officer met them and soon they were in a launch heading for his boat.

"We were all weighted down with those rifles and packs which we didn't have one bit of use for, because my Lord, the war had been over for months. So do you know what we did? I'll tell you. Halfway out to the minelayer we stopped the launch, picked up our packs and rifles—and accidentally dropped them overboard. We came home as Marines should—in style."

What happened to the army captain? Bob said he didn't know but he suspected that when he got his discharge "he went back to clerkin' in a shoe store."

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Presenting A Friend Of
The Old Fourth Marines

by Sgt. Hal Bergman

the Deacon



MAJOR FAIRBAIRN

Deals In Death

THE sleek, black limousine with the seven men and the girl in the big, green hat turned from Haiphong Road onto Bubbling Well Road and continued to the Race Course where a team from the Fourth Marines was to play Rugby with the Municipal Police team. A number of civilians and Marines stood around waiting for the game to begin.

As the car came abreast of the Foreign YMCA, opposite the Race Course, it slowed down. The girl thrust her pretty head out the window and smiled at a young Marine. "Hello there, Gyrene," she called out invitingly. The Marine responded with an appreciative whistle as the car moved on.

"Good", said the girl to her seven companions, "if a Marine whistles at me I must be a bit of all-right. Now let's go on to the Bund." The driver steered the big car onto colorful Nanking Road. Expertly he wove it through the slowly moving traffic of rickshaws, carts, autos, honey-carts and teeming natives. Past the Great Wing On department store and the Women's Bank, past the bearded Sikh policemen with their blue SMP uniforms and light tan turbans, the car made its way through the center of Shanghai's business district.

At the corner of Nanking Road and the Bund the car stopped. The girl got out, while the auto with its male occupants moved on a short ways and was lost in the crowded traffic. Swinging a large and well-filled purse from her arm, the girl began to stroll unhurriedly in front of the busy Palace Hotel, famous for the congeniality of its cosmopolitan bar. Along the teeming street she walked back and forth for some time, looking up now and then towards the palatial Sassoon House across the way.

Suddenly the girl slowed her pace. Two men who had been walking behind her for a few minutes, came abreast, one on each side of her. They edged close to her. Suddenly one of them shoved her with his body while at the same instant the other lunged for her purse.

In the flicker of an eyelash the man who had done the shoving was lying on the sidewalk, his legs kicked out from under him. At the same time the would-be purse-snatcher was flying, heels over head, through the air while his arm was held in a vise-like grip by the slim girl. Before either of the two men could realize what was happening to them they were manacled together with handcuffs. Then they were thrown bodily onto the back seat of a large black limousine by seven men who suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

"Good work, Commissioner," these men exclaimed as they clapped the girl admiringly on the back. One of the men drew a cigar from his vest pocket and stuck it in her mouth. "Here you are, Daisy," he laughed, "I'd sure hate to go out on a date with you!"

A few years later this same "girl" was teaching British Commandos the fine art of sure, swift and silent homicide for "she" was none other than William Ewart Fairbairn, one of the world's outstanding masters of mayhem. Fairbairn is today a major in the British army but at the time of the above incident he was assistant commissioner of the Shanghai Municipal Police and leader of its famous "Riot Squad". His female disguise had been assumed to help "bait" and capture a gang of thugs who had been terrorizing women and snatching purses in that section of the city.

Now in the United States "on lend-lease" from Britain, Major Fairbairn is engaged in demonstrating his system of "gutter fighting" to combat instructors of the American armed forces. In this work he has been in close contact with the U. S. Marine Corps, partly through a series of "demonstration conferences" with Captain Stephen Stavers, organizer and former commander of the Individual Combat School at New River.

Along with Marine Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Major Fairbairn is recognized as a leading exponent of hand-to-hand combat. His system has been described as "a combination of the best elements of Japanese ju-jitsu, Chinese boxing, Sikh wrestling, French foot fighting, Cornish collar-and-elbow wrestling, American boxing, plus knife fighting and hip-level quick firing."

Many of the blows, holds, throws and tricks he taught the Commandos, and is now teaching American military instructors, are explained in his book "Get Tough". A forthcoming book, "Cold Steel", details his method of knife-fighting. He is also author of "Scientific Self-Defense", "Shooting to Live" (with Capt. E. A. Sykes) and "Hands Off", which, curiously enough, turns out to be a manual of self-defense for girls.

Tall, slim, grey-haired, Major Fairbairn's pale blue eyes look mildly out at the world from behind heavy horn-rimmed glasses. This, in combination with his long, thin face, mild manners and quiet British

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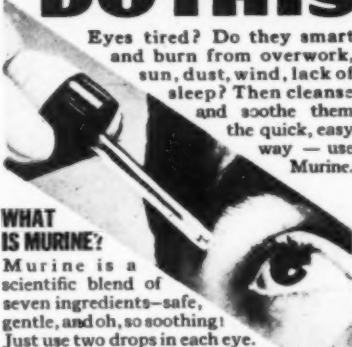
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THE DEACON (continued)

accent give him the appearance and presence of an ascetic scholar or minister of the gospel, and led his close friends to nick-name him "The Deacon" and "Delicate Dan".

Despite the monikers which have been pinned on him, "The Deacon" makes no bones about the fact that killing is his business as, he points out, it is the business of every man in military uniform.

"In war," he asserts, "you cannot afford the luxury of squeamishness. Either you kill or capture, or you will be captured or killed. We've got to be tough to win and we've got to be ruthless—tougher and more ruthless than our enemies."

To kill or capture one or more of the enemy in personal combat is a science which, like other sciences, requires study and training, the major emphasizes. Whatever is required, whether it is killing silently, killing quickly, maiming, or bringing 'em back alive—there is a definite technique for it in his system, and if the mission is to be accomplished efficiently, the outcome must not be left to chance.

In analyzing his system for his students, he breaks it down into three basic elements: attack, surprise and speed. "This is a time," he tells them, "for the quick or the dead. If you're not the former, you'll end up being the latter. To attack is to have the battle half won, while to stay on the defensive is fatal. But attack alone is not enough, the element of surprise must go hand in hand with it. To surprise is to strike fear into the enemy's heart and fear results in confusion."

It was knowledge of this psychological fact which led Major Fairbairn to his interest in knife fighting. Today he is recognized as an ardent advocate of the knife as a weapon for personal combat. He has developed its use into a scientific technique and together with Capt. Sykes is responsible for the Fairbairn-Sykes knife, a two-edged, needle pointed stickler which has become standard equipment for British Commandos.

"There isn't a man in the world who isn't afraid of a bright, gleaming knife flashing menacingly near him. On the other hand the feel of a sharp knife in your hand gives you confidence and the aggressive spirit, for every good knife man knows that one-sixth of an inch of blade reduces anybody in the world to his own size, weight and strength," he asserted.

"Delicate Dan" learned the principles of knife fighting in China from two American Marine officers who had been taught by Colonel Biddle. This debt of knowledge he has repaid many times over with the instruction in "gutter fighting," he gave to many members of the Fourth and Fifth Marines who were in China between 1927 and 1940. Because of this association, in addition to the fact that he began his own military career as a Royal Marine, the Major feels a deep kinship with all Marines.

In 1901, at the time of the South African War, "Billy" Fairbairn ran away from his home in Pickmansworth, England, and enlisted in the British Royal Marines at the age of 15. Three years later, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, he was a member of the garrison of the British legation at Seoul, capital of Korea. After three more years he transferred to the Shanghai Municipal Police. He remained with the force for 33 years, rising in rank from constable to assistant commissioner.

During much of the time he was on the police force, Shanghai was considered one of the toughest police assignments in the world. The city was overrun with thugs and cut-throats from all parts of the world who terrorized the population and tried to carry on such nefarious trades as white slavery, kidnapping and smuggling. To contend with such outlaws Fairbairn organized and led the famous Shanghai Riot Squad, composed of 120 picked men from the force. With them he tried out and perfected his methods of "gutter fighting."

From the American Marines he had learned the elements of knife fighting. From the Japs he acquired all they would teach him about ju-jitsu, being the first foreigner admitted to the Kodokan in Tokyo where he was awarded the Black Belt, second degree. From his Chinese friends he learned Chinese boxing and from the Sikh police, their form of wrestling. From everyone who could teach him anything he learned all he could about personal attack and defense, combined the best of each style into a practical system and taught it to his riot squad.

At the outbreak of the war he was called back to England to teach his methods to the Commandos and parachute troops. Today his system is standard instruction for the British armed forces and Home Guards. Now he is in the United States and passing on his knowledge to American Marines. And that knowledge includes familiarity with the Jap fighting man.

About them, he says:

"Before the war many people believed a great deal of propaganda about Japanese in-fighting methods. It is true many Japs are good at this, but they are far from being super-men. They have no special knowledge about the human body. Some people still think that ju-jitsu is some mysterious science known only to the Japanese, but how could they know anything about human nerve centers which remains unknown to our scientists?"

"It is true we have learned some things from the Japs, but we have developed much that we learned. It was from the Japs, for instance, that British Marines first learned to use the butt of the rifle as a supplement to the bayonet end, but today both American and British Marines are their masters in that little trick. There's no denying that the Japs are good with the bayonet, but U. S. Marines are better than they are at it. When it comes to knife fighting, the Japs aren't in it at all. They are not knife fighters and live in mortal fear of that weapon. Steeped as they are in hand-to-hand ju-jitsu, they are at a handicap when they meet a man with a club or knife in his hand. I'd like to see every man going into combat against the Japs armed with a knife as a supplement to his other weapons," the major concluded.

In addition to furthering the United Nations cause, Major Fairbairn has a very personal reason for wanting to teach American Marines all he knows. He is well aware that these are the boys who are now doing the most to push the Japs back to their own little islands and he is anxious for the day when he can go back to Shanghai.

"Before the war," he reminisced nostalgically, "I had the finest collection of goldfish in all China, but that's gone now. It'll be a jolly day for me when I can get back to Shanghai and begin collecting goldfish all over again."

END


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IN COMFORT

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NEEDS NO BRUSH ---
NOT STICKY OR GREASY ---
SAVES TIME AND FUSS ---

Red Tops The List



Red put his arms around the boy while anti-aircraft shell bursts dotted the sky

by SSgt. Ben Price

I'LL never forget Red. And I guess there are a lot of other guys in this man's Marine Corps who won't forget him either. Red isn't any hero; that is, he won't get any medals, but when the Big Pay-Off comes, I'll bet he's right at the top of the list.

Red. That's all the name I ever knew. You know how things like that are. You work with a guy, maybe sleep in the same foxhole with him, but if you happen to be in different outfits, you just never get around to asking names. If he doesn't have an obvious name like "Red," then "Mac," or "Bub," will do.

Anyhow, I met Red on Guadalcanal. He was just a kid with a cropped head of hair, friendly eyes and the widest smile—not grin—you ever saw. He may have been eighteen, but I doubt it, and I don't suppose he had ever shaved. At any rate he didn't own a razor for I once tried to borrow one from him.

He was a naval hospital apprentice attached to a communications company bivouacked near our area and that is how I came to meet him. My outfit didn't have a sick bay of its own so when I developed diarrhea from eating too many green coconuts, the captain sent me down to Red's area.

Red smiled when I told him my complaint and poured me a shot of bizmuth and paregoric. Then he gave me a short talk on what native foods I could and could not eat, what streams I should avoid because of the danger of ear infections. And, particularly, he said, I should come on the double if I developed the first sign of athlete's foot.

A couple of days later I saw Red again. This time he was helping patch the shoulder of a telephone lineman nailed by a Jap sniper. I could tell from his face that Red was suffering a great deal more than the lineman.

On my trips to the front I had to pass Red's sick bay. Once in the blue-haze of early morning I passed by and there was Red, stripped to the waist, moving purposefully through a tent of fever-ridden, malarial patients.

He had two buckets filled with fresh, cool water. He gave each man a drink from one; from the other he took a wet gauze bandage which he placed on each man's forehead.

I talked to several of those malarial patients later and they told me of the nights Red would sit up—all night if necessary—holding some delirious Marine's hand. Red always answered, they said, when a Marine, sweating it out, would cry for someone he had left at home.

Just before we turned the island over to the Army, corpsmen from the front brought in a Marine suffering from a not uncommon malady known as foxhole nerves.

Red took the trembling boy in tow, routed out a cook for hot coffee, and put him to bed. Within an hour the boy was somewhat relaxed, though still taut. Then came the air raid.

At the first note of the horn, the sick Marine went to pieces. He didn't scream, just sat there trembling and sobbing. Red took him by the hand, much as a mother would a frightened child, and led the boy toward a dugout. The boy wouldn't go down and nothing Red said could induce him.

By this time the planes were approaching. Searchlights were blinking on and the anti-aircraft guns were beginning to punctuate the sky with brilliant orange balls.

Well, Red sat that boy on a bench and put his arms around the boy's shoulders, talking in a sort of whisper all the time. Red paid no more attention to the shrapnel raining on the road and ripping through tents than if the war had been a million miles away.

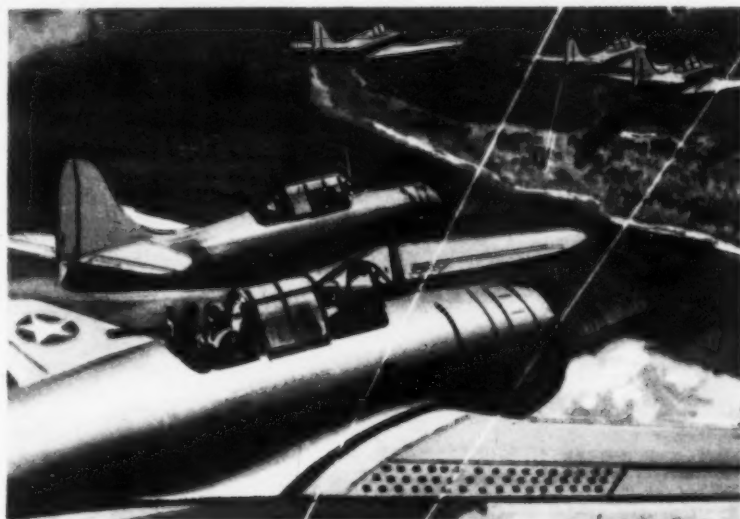
I think that Marine must have known the risks Red was taking to help him. When he left to go to a hospital in the rear a few minutes after the all clear, you could see he was beginning to feel a little ashamed—the first sign of a cure.

After the raid some of the fellows cursed the Japs freely and vigorously. Red didn't say anything for awhile, but when somebody remarked that the only good Jap was a dead Jap, the kid remarked slowly, "Aw, they ain't so bad. They just been raised wrong."

Right then I got a pretty good idea of what this war is all about.

END

Sgt. Henze: Radio-Gunner turns pilot



1 **Sgt. Gilbert H. Henze** of State Center, Iowa, was rear gunner in a Douglas Dauntless dive bomber, one of a flight attacking the Jap airfield at New Georgia Island, now in American hands. Threatening ack-ack was bursting menacingly in the midst of the Marine bombers.



2 **Pierced By Flak**, the plane bucked dizzily through the steel-filled sky as the pilot slumped forward over the controls. The rearseat man knew that he faced a crash to certain death unless he acted quickly and decisively—and he did not know how to fly a plane.



3 **Grasping Controls** in the rear cockpit, Gunner Henze managed to pull the plane back to its altitude and then made radio contact with the leader of the fighter group. As sweat poured down his face, Henze explained his situation and hurriedly asked him for instructions.



4 **Swinging In Close** to the dive bomber, the fighter pilot gave Henze a two-minute course in how to fly. When the gunner got the feel of his plane, two members of the fighter squadron came alongside and led the crippled ship along "the island route" back to Guadalcanal.



5 **Disaster Struck** suddenly when the motor sputtered and then died and the radio failed. Unable to switch to his reserve gas supply, Henze bailed out of the diving bomber only to strike the stabilizer and mangle his leg on it before the parachute opened and pulled him clear.



6 **Natives Rescued** the gunner after six hours in the sea. Henze lost his leg, but the experience won him the Navy and Marine Corps Medal and for all rear gunners the privilege of learning how to fly from the rear cockpit in case the pilot is wounded and unable to keep flying.

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Voting data on the 32 state primaries
scheduled for June through September

WHILE the new servicemen's voting act is now the law of the land, its provisions put squarely up to the states responsibility for seeing that regulations are simple enough to allow as many men as possible in the armed services actually to vote. Hence, many states are considering changes in their laws to eliminate the confusion now existing. Therefore, it is not possible at this time to give any definite state-by-state analysis of how Marines may vote in the Presidential election. It is possible, however, to tell you all you need to know about voting by absentee ballot in the many primaries scheduled during June, July, August, and September. The following chart attempts to do this as simply as the varying conditions between states allow. Next issue of The Leatherneck will cover the Presidential balloting in the same manner, by which time the government should have full information from the states on how they plan to live up to the responsibilities placed on them by the Congress.

Remember that it is the duty of the Navy Department to make sure each Marine receives a postcard application for absentee ballot. This card should be sent to the secretary of the state in your state as soon as possible so the ballot can be mailed back to you in time for you to vote, have it certified by your sergeant or other higher ranking NCO or any officer, and re-mailed. Some state laws bar the receipt of ballot applications very far in advance of the actual primary. But this is being changed, and the government is trying to have uniform provisions enacted allowing servicemen to apply at least forty-five days ahead of the election so there will be plenty of time for mail both ways. The post card applications will be airmailed and so will the ballots from the states and the completed ballots you return. The Army and Navy have promised to expedite these deliveries in every way possible.

Primaries already have been conducted by Illinois, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Alabama, Florida, Indiana, South Dakota, Ohio, West Virginia, New Jersey, California, Oregon and North Carolina. Some of you state-side Marines from Iowa may be able to get applications in and ballots back in time for the June 5 Iowa primary; all Gizmos in this country should be able to make connections for the rest of those that follow. Overseas Marines may be doubtful about their voting chances in any of the primaries prior to July, but the important thing is to get that postcard application in the mail and start things rolling. Remember to print your name and serial number on the card and don't forget your party affiliation—whether you are Democrat, Republican or whatever. That last is vital, the government tells us. Next month we'll give you the word on the Presidential election voting; now move out on these primaries.

JUNE

5—Iowa—

You statesiders will have to move to make this one, but mailing your application will at least get you lined up to receive the latest dope from your area on the Presidential voting. Iowa wants completed ballots back by 5 June.

6—New Mexico—

You guys from here are out of luck, in the primaries at least. New Mexico has failed to permit any absentee voting, whatever, but there may be changes to permit a voice in who's to be the next CIC. See next issue.

13—Idaho—

Get that application card in the mail pronto, you statesiders, so's to get a crack at this one. There seem to be no qualifying provisions to make the balloting tougher here, except they insist on having the completed ballot by the primary date.

19—Maine—

(Also state election on 11 Sept.)

Maine is one of those states still insisting on you guys coming home from wherever you are to register in person. That makes it tough, unless you have a CO who grants leave for such things (some joke); and you wouldn't use it for that anyhow. However, Maine's legislature is meeting and may waive that registration, so send in the card anyhow.

27—North Dakota—

Only complication here is to get the completed ballot to the home state by the primary date.

JULY

4—Georgia—

Crackers 18 years old and over may vote in the primary; this is the only state which allows you youngsters under 21 to ballot. Like most of the states, Georgia insists on having the completed ballot back by date of primary.

4—Mississippi—

(Also run-off primary on 29 Aug.)

Ole Miss insists on poll-tax payment before voting, but the Secretary of State has said he thinks servicemen can vote without such payment if they were paid up before joining the service. Anyhow, take a chance; they'll probably waive the tax for you. You get to 5 July and 30 August to get completed ballot in.

10—Minnesota—

Just be sure to get your vote in by 10 July.

Remember, you don't have to know who's running in the primaries before you mail the application for absentee ballot; it's up to your state people to send you all that dope at the same time as the ballot. Don't worry, the election committees soon will give you the word on whom they're pushing for what.

July—(continued)

- 11—Oklahoma—** Current state law would give you only 11 days in which ballot applications could be accepted, ballots mailed and your vote returned, from 1 July to 11 July, but the legislature may change this. Also, mail your postcard to Secretary, election board, of the county you hail from, instead of the Secretary of State.
- 11—Utah—** Appears to be nothing unusual here. State voted to move primary date up from original September spot to give you more time to participate prior to general election.
- 11—Michigan—** This goes to post as scheduled.
- 11—New Hampshire—** They passed a new voting law, but failed to provide for any of you guys to vote absentee in the primary. You'll get a shot at the general election, though.
- 11—Washington—** Clear track for this one, but ballot must be received by 5 August.
- 11—Massachusetts—** Legislature still in session, but current law bars any absentee servicemen voting in primary. Looks good for general election opportunity.
- 12—Delaware—** Strictly snafu—had new legislation, but not only failed to provide for absentee servicemen voting in primary, but also requires registration in person for both primary and general election. So—unless you're home or get leave. . . .
- 18—Arizona—** Know anyone at home who's willing to register for you? Get on the ball then and have him do it. State law says you can vote absentee, but someone within the state has to sign you up.
- 18—Montana—** Clear and fast—just mail that card in pronto.
- 22—Texas—** Short price, but a sure thing—state requires 15-cent poll tax, to be paid by you gents on the line with your ballot; otherwise all go.
- 25—Arkansas—** Nice going here, if your credit's good—state requires payment of poll tax, but county will pay it for you if you give them the word.

AUGUST

- 1—Kansas—** All secure here.
- 1—Missouri—** No tricks in this one. Goes as slated.
- 1—New York—** For the liberty-bound only—new law makes no provision for servicemen to vote in the primary unless they are on the scene.
- 1—Virginia—** All squared away here—new laws waive poll tax, personal registration, and make it easy to vote from wherever you are.
- 3—Tennessee—** Track muddy—state calls for poll tax payment and won't let you vote absentee unless yo-all have done paid it. But you can vote absentee in the general election without paying the tax.
- 5—Kentucky—** No boy—Not much you can do about this one. State constitution bars absentee voting entirely, and besides, registration in person is required. They may figure out something in time for the general election, but it's doubtful.
- 8—Vermont—** All set here.
- 15—Wisconsin—** Just mail the card-application.
- 22—Wyoming—** Another that requires registration in person, but which may revise laws to waive provision.
- 29—South Carolina—** Like New York, there is no provision for absentee servicemen voting in the primary.
- (Also run-off on 12 Sept.)

SEPTEMBER

- 5—Nevada—** Nothing unusual here; just send in the card in plenty of time.
- 12—Colorado—** Same goes for this one.
- 12—Alaska—** Uncle Sam, the mailman, has the big job here. All you do is mail in the application card.
- No Primary—** Connecticut and Rhode Island.

END



A flop with a cot— but on top about his smile!

K.P. or O.D.—keep your gums, as well as your teeth, in trim with Ipana and massage!

THIS Recruit isn't satisfied to stand on a soap box—he's got to sleep on one too. Even though he's dreaming of angels, two to one the next sound he hears won't be the angels singing—unless the Sarge's tone has changed.

But while he's no great brain about life in the Marine Corps, he's keen as can be about his smile. For he always gives his gums, as well as his teeth, daily care.

Yes, gums usually need more exercise than today's soft foods can give them. Bright, sparkling smiles and flabby gums seldom go together. That's the reason so many Leathernecks give their gums that special exercise for better health—that routine many dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Ipana and massage is a swell drill for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile. Get Ipana today—at the PX or any drug store.

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IPANA



AND MASSAGE



There was a Marine nicknamed Bo,
Whose girl acted forty below—
Till Vitalis he tried;
Now she won't leave his side—
And they're planning that "small bungalow"!

For Well Groomed Hair with a Military Snap— Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

MAYBE your girl differs with you, too, on the size of that post-war love nest. But the odds are she'll agree your hair ought to look neat and well-groomed. To keep it that way, use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Begin with Vitalis today.

Just massage it briskly on your scalp. As circulation speeds up, your scalp seems to lose that tight feeling. And

at the same time you get extra protection against sun that might bake hair lifeless—water that can wash away natural scalp oils.

Then, 10 seconds to comb—and your hair stays neatly put. There's no "patent-leather" shine—just a handsome lustre. Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store or your P. X.—and start your Vitalis "60-Second Workouts."

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VITALIS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Wartime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you get all three benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps rout loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.



Men of the Corps



LEACH

PFC Frank J. Leach of Tenafly, N. J., is another who has seen much overseas action, having been a member of the outfit that shot down thirteen Jap planes with eighty-eight rounds on July 4, 1943. He saw service on Guadalcanal, Rendova and Munda, "commuting," as he put it, between the latter two hot spots.

Corp. Irving Cleveland is a veteran paramarine, holder of the Navy Cross at 23. He was decorated for blasting a Jap dugout at Gavutu, August 7, 1942. Cleveland then was a PFC. He also served on the Ranger. He's from Schoharie, N. Y., and would like to see the paramarines used in flying action.



CLEVELAND



NOWAK

Up from the ranks has come 1st Lt. George J. Nowak. He enlisted in 1914 and rightly may be called one of the "Horse Marines," having been nco in charge of a mounted detachment at Peking, China, before the war. He also served in Panama, Nicaragua and Haiti. At present he's at Quantico.

GySgt. John P. Sowers is an "old salt" of 14 years' service who can boast of duty at most of the Corps' overseas posts, including Guam, Samoa, Honolulu, Shanghai, Cuba and Guadalcanal. He calls Atlanta, Ga., his home town. He began his Marine career at Parris Island in 1929.



SOWERS

Sketched from life by Sgt. Pat Denman

WE the Marines

Shorts from here and there

SOME kind of a medal ought to be awarded to PFC Burt B. Balaban of Rye, N. Y., a Marine Corps combat photographer. Not for bravery; for honesty. Reporting his experiences taking pictures during a bombing raid on Wake Island, he recounted:

"I had the camera bay open and was standing with one foot on either side of the opening in the floor of the plane when an antiaircraft shell burst near us. The plane began to bounce around and I with it. I lost my footing and started to slip through the hatch. My carbine slithered past me through the opening. Right behind it went my canteen. My gas mask went next. I grabbed a part



BALABAN

His fears were well grounded

of the plane structure and stopped my fall. I wasn't wearing a parachute and the only thing that might have held me if I had dropped was the earphone cable. I couldn't count too much on that. I was afraid all the time I was on that mission. I feared my girl back home was going to marry some one else. When I got back there was a letter from her. My fears were well grounded. She had."

PFC Robert S. Sausman of Philadelphia served for months with a Raider outfit in the South Pacific and never got a scratch. Recently he was brought back to the States on a stretcher. On Bougainville he jumped from a truck to the ground and broke his leg. . . . We don't know whether to be flattered or get mad all over again about the opinion of U. S. Marines voiced by a captured Jap officer. "The Japanese," he is quoted as saying, "fight for the Emperor and the islands, the English for King George and country, the German for Hitler and fatherland, the Russian for Stalin and Mother Russia, but the American fights for souvenirs and the hell of it." . . . A new recruit record for firing the M1 on the Parris Island rifle range was established when 17-year-old "Boot" Jack W. Houston of Rochester, N. Y., "squeezed off" 329 out of a possible 340.

When James E. Van Coutren reported for basic training at San Diego he became the twelfth member of his family serving with the armed forces. Seven brothers are in the Navy, one in the Army and three sisters are in the WAC. . . . Members of his overseas outfit know better than to kid PFC John G. Lethbridge, Jr., about the poetry he writes. Author of a forthcoming book of verse, "Pacific Sands", he is a former Eastern Intercollegiate wrestling champ. . . . The total number returned to civilian life from the armed forces since 1939 when Selective Service began is 1,457,355. Of this number 857,441 were discharged from the Army for reasons other than disability; 428,000 for disability and 171,188 have been discharged from the Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps.

When the name "O'Malley" showed up on a parking space name-board next to that of the Division Commanding General, Major General Keller E. Rockey, Camp Pendleton Marines grew inquisitive. Their curiosity was satisfied when they learned that "O'Malley" is the name of the general's new Jeep. It was titled after the fairy Godfather in Crockett Johnson's highly successful new cartoon strip, "Barnaby".



GODDARD

GI Joe wore her lipstick imprint

While on an entertainment trip in India Paulette Goddard inspired one ardent Joe to collect a small nosegay of violets and present it to her with a note: "These are the first violets of the year to lift their faces above the antique soil of Old Cathay, quite undaunted by warring man. I plucked them forthwith for the loveliest fate a violet could wish—to bask in the light of your bright eyes." Flattered, Paulette wore the violets in her hair and the Joe wore her lipstick imprint on his cheek for days. . . . Marines on Guadalcanal are reported to amuse themselves by teaching captured Japs to ask for American cigarettes by bowing low and saying something which sounds like "Tojo is a big sonoftherich." . . . Corp. Edward L. Kucharzyk of Bridgman, Mich., back in the Naval Hospital at San Diego, reported the capture of a Jap who had a California driving license on him. "Guess he won't renew it this year," Kucharzyk opined.

Corp. Robert G. Wood of Phoenix, Ariz., recently listened to the 52-piece Camp Elliott band play the premier performance of his new composition, "The March of the Silent Second", dedicated to the conquerors of Tarawa, the men of the Second Marine Division.

TURN PAGE

GIZMO: EIGHTBALL



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Marines on a certain Pacific island complained about their fellow-fighters. "Those damned Seabees," they protested, "are building roads so fast the Japs are using them as avenues of escape." . . . On Guadalcanal now there are signs reading, "No Shooting" but Marines stationed there have learned how to circumvent this order. They use slingshots to hunt birds, monkeys and alligators. . . . PFC A. F. Iwaniec of Hamtramck, Mich., a five-year man, is a welder by trade, a blacksmith on the record and now a tailor and barber to several hundred Marines in the South Pacific.



IWANIEC

Welder, blacksmith, tailor, barber

Several Marine Corps officers in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, are still trying to figure out whether a certain gyrene is prophetic or just dumb. Asked in a questionnaire what kind of post-war position he would like to hold, he answered: "a defense job". . . . It isn't that Corp. Harold F. Payne of Chillicothe, Ohio, is particularly brave. It's simply that he has confidence in the marksmanship of his buddies. During the battle for Bougainville he operated his tractor and bulldozer right behind the front lines digging gun emplacements, building roads and hauling ammunition. "I saw some Japs looking at me now and then," he reported, "but I didn't stop to fire my rifle because I knew my pals would take care of them."

CORRECTION

In our story on The New Rifle Squad, May issue (p. 23), the three corporal fire team leaders were listed as carrying carbines. This is incorrect. According to Marine Corps Training Bulletin No. 101 corporal fire team leaders will carry M-1s equipped with Grenade Launchers M-7. THE LEATHERNECK regrets this error.



GREWING

Played hot licks with a BAR

And another chaser of South Sea Butterflies is Pvt. Stanley Olcefski who hails from a farm near Honesdale, Penna. . . . Army Sgt. Earl Long fights the war by fishing. He boasted so much about his prowess as an angler that his CO assigned him to special duty: catching fish for the company mess.

At Camp Elliott, Pvt. Chester F. Grewing of Sebeka, Minn., shattered the training center BAR record by scoring 229 out of a possible 250. Two days before firing for record he scored 232.

PFC William T. Kent of Wicomico Church, Va., will be careful hereafter about leaving his foxhole in the dark. Moving out of one during a dark night on Bougainville, he was almost shot by his buddies when he tried to crawl back. . . . On that same island an officer congratulated a Marine for his fine dugout. "This is nothing," is the reported reply, "you ought to see Smith's foxhole. If he digs two inches deeper he'll be listed as having gone over the hill." . . . Corp. Francis Marion Cockrell of Warrensburg, Mo., writes movie scripts for a living. The Saturday Evening Post recently carried his serial, "Dark Waters". . . . Members of Pendleton's NCO club voted to disband when they couldn't find new quarters and to split up the treasury. They divided up \$4000 among 150 available members. . . . Johnny Yonakor, Notre Dame's all-American end, now at PI, has calves so large that the Quartermaster couldn't fit leggins to him.





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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. dedicates the above message.

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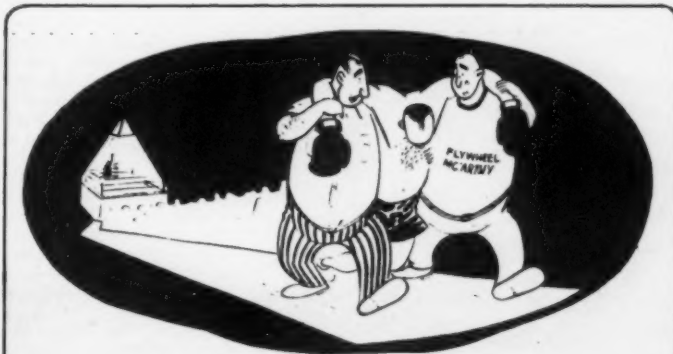
WE THE MARINES (continued)

"Ride 'im, Cowboy", resounded through the fringed palms of a Central Pacific base not long since when veterans of Guadalcanal and Tarawa—Second Division Marines—staged a titanic barbecue and rodeo. With authority from their commanding officer, Major General Julian C. Smith, the Leathernecks dug fifty barbecue pits, built chutes and grandstands and rounded up enough wild broncs and steers to give the authentic western flavor. Mess cooks labored all night preparing twenty-five steers which were devoured in less than two hours by some 10,000 Marines and civilian spectators. Lone Star State Leathernecks corralled five of the eighteen riding prizes. The menu: 15,000 pounds of steak, 50,000 buns, 420 pounds of cheese, sixty gallons of pickles, 22,000 bottles of beer and 18,000 bottles of soft drinks. . . . We won't vouch for this fellow's authenticity, but a recently returned Marine tells us he couldn't help staring when he got his first look at a gal in uniform. "Why do you look at me like that?", she asked apprehensively or hopefully. "Oh pardon me," the Marine excused himself politely. "I guess it's just a case of long time no see." . . . GySgt. Joseph Adamitis of Gardner, Mass., figures all the rest of his life he'll be living on borrowed time. Carrying a TNT-loaded hand grenade during the battle for Bougainville, he jumped behind a tree just after a sniper's bullet struck the grenade. Noticing the TNT powder on the front of his shirt he examined the missile and discovered the bullet had missed the detonator by a scant quarter of an inch. . . . Camp Elliott, 2nd Marine base since 1940, has been taken over by the Navy as a distribution center. Most of Elliott's Marine activities have been transferred to Camp Pendleton. Green's Farm personnel will be transferred later. . . . Only one out of five Marines are in favor of short pants for men after the war, according to a survey taken by SSgt. John F. Reilly, a combat correspondent on Johnston Island. . . . Marines on one SoPac island have a mess hall which would be worth a quarter of a million dollars if built in the U. S. It is made entirely of native mahogany and teakwood.

After 20-year-old PFC Chris Drake had gone through battles at Midway, Makin and Guadalcanal and had won the Purple Heart, he figured he had reached "man's estate". But he had to go to Superior Court in Los Angeles to get approval of a movie contract. He's still an infant in the eyes of the law. . . . "Forty-eight hamburgers, please," said a GI to Miss Marguerite Erickson, director of a service men's cafeteria in California. Miss Erickson gulped. "Oh, don't worry," the GI explained, "I'm not going to eat them all. I've got three buddies outside." . . . The world's heavyweight boxing championship is the goal of PFC Dale (Tiny) Fawns of Mt. Sterling, Ky., who is training somewhere in the Solomons. Weighing 241 pounds and scaling six feet five inches, "Tiny" held the Kentucky title and was Golden Gloves champ of the South in 1942 and 1943. Tommy Loughran, who coached the 20-year-old Marine at PI, predicts big things for "Tiny". . . . Tough bearded Marines played nursemaid to two Japanese children who were removed from Ebon Atoll following U. S. occupation. The Leathernecks fed condensed milk in slow spoon process to the 10-month-old baby girl and washed her diapers GI style. The other child is a three-year-old boy.

American soldiers are giving British girls a new slant on kissing, according to a recent London survey. The Americans, it is reported, tilt their heads to the left when they kiss whereas the English tilt theirs to the right. The girls, however, are fast becoming "ambineckerous". . . . Archie C. Gulliver of Phoenix, Ariz., was tired of laying cement all the time. He wanted to travel. So he joined the Marines in November, 1942; got to be a sergeant, travelled to the Marshall Islands where he is now—yes, that's right—laying cement floors for mess halls and command posts. . . . Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, commander of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, recently became the third three-star general in the history of the Marine Corps. . . . Five sons of Marine Corps generals took part in the American assault on the Marshalls. They were: the late Capt. James L. Denig, son of Brigadier General Robert L. Denig; Lt. Col. A. A. Vandegrift, Jr., son of The Commandant; Major Richard K. Schmidt, son of Major General Harry Schmidt; 1st Lt. Joseph C. Fegan, Jr., son of Major General Fegan and 2nd Lt. David A. Brewster, son of Brigadier General David L. S. Brewster.

Recently, Sergeant T. D. Germany, a drill instructor at the recruit depot in San Diego, saw a friend of his walking ahead of him on the street. Sgt. Germany increased his pace until he'd over-hauled the friend and then kicked him on the hip pocket. . . . "I owed this guy a kick," explained the sergeant, "though I hadn't seen him before for almost two years." . . . Germany was aboard the Lexington when that carrier was sunk by Japanese action in May, 1942. He was injured severely by shrapnel and was lying on the deck paralyzed by his wounds but still conscious when the order was given to abandon ship. Germany's friend saw the sergeant on the deck, gave him a mild kick and then announced: "Poor old Germany! He's a goner. No use bothering with him." A little later a corpsman came by and lowered him overboard. Germany has since recovered of his wounds. "That is why I owed this friend a kick on the hip pocket," said Sgt. Germany. **END**



"It's just like wot Shoiman said—'War is Hell'."

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THE FALL OF JIRO



With a swift movement he hurled the contents in Toshio's face

**An amazing story about the enemy
by a former American newspaperman
who was stationed in pre-war Tokio**

by Sgt. Hans R. Johansen

JIRO SUZUKI wasn't a bad sort of guy when I met him back in 1934. The newspapermen I knew in Tokyo were all good guys, even if some of them were Japs. But it wasn't long after I had known him that he was bitten by the bug that has made him and his millions of little brothers fanatical and stubborn opponents in the battle-jungle. Once a Jap gets this hypothetical hydrophobia the only thing left is to shoot him.

By 1936, Japan, Germany and Italy were talking about being have-not nations. Jiro objected when the government-inspired Japanese press began rooting, along with Germany and Italy, for the fascist, Franco, in his fighting against the pro-Russians in Spain.

Jiro, like all Japs, didn't like the Russians, but he liked the Germans even less. Like many of his compatriots, he disapproved the official Jap inclination toward Germany, even if the objective was Russia, whom Japan had long hated. Nobody made a serious complaint, figuring the Tokyo government knew what it was doing and was just pulling against communism, rather than for Nazism.

That was the state of affairs in the autumn of 1936 when I was invited to Jiro's home for supper. We had become very good friends. We had drunk together and had done other things young newspapermen are wont to do. I think either of us would have got up and swapped blows if anyone had said anything against the other.

Jiro and I left the office early and stopped at a bar before going to his home. We often stopped at a bar after work since we both liked hot sake when it was cold and cold beer when it was hot. In the spring and fall we usually drank whiskey.

It was a bit cool that evening so we had sake. "What do you think of all the pro-Franco outbursts?" I asked.

"Seems a little far-fetched," he said, "Looks like Tokyo and Berlin and Rome are using the Spanish war as a medium for getting tied together for God knows why."

Jiro's face showed strength of character as he spoke. His teeth were white and even and didn't protrude as do those of many Japanese. There was a contagious humor in his smile and his regular features showed evidence of good breeding. He moved with the easy grace of an athlete, even if it were only a gesture of his well-molded hand as he emphasized a point.

I won't recount the long conversation Jiro and I had that evening. He thought the tie-up was wrong and said a lot about how Japan and the United States should get together to form a happy and prosperous economic relationship. He was saying what lots of other Japs were saying, and I think he meant every word of it.

When we arrived at Jiro's home, where he lived with his father and mother, we took off our shoes in the little entrance alcove. Mrs. Suzuki opened the inner door, kneeling on the matted floor and touching her forehead to the matting as she greeted the guest in the prescribed fashion.

Having helped us with our coats she retired to the rear of the house as good Jap wives do. In the living room Mr. Suzuki welcomed us in the same fashion his wife had done at the front door. I bowed deeply and uttered the customary word of thanks for the hospitality.

Soon Mrs. Suzuki reappeared bowing and smiling as she brought hot sake. Then bowing once more she retired to the rear of the house. Over the drinks there were the usual pleasantries with light talk of wind and weather.

Mrs. Suzuki bowed herself into the room with the announcement that supper was ready. Jiro and I waited for the first move by Mr. Suzuki who, as head of the household, governed the actions of those under his roof. Time dragged for about 15 minutes—long enough to indicate in proper Japanese fashion that the woman's word was not very important—that

Serving the Services



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FALL OF JIRO (continued)

the woman could wait until the men were ready.

Mrs. Suzuki didn't eat with us. The meal was suki-yaki, a very palatable dish of meat and vegetables cooked on the table. Mrs. Suzuki prepared the food and saw that we were served. We kept very busy with the chopsticks and spoke little as we ate.

The meal over, we retired to the living room to smoke and talk lightly as we digested the food, comfortably squatting on the cushions on the floor as we had done at the dinner table.

Jiro had wanted me to meet his brother, Toshio, for some time. He was married and lived only a few blocks away. Several years older than Jiro, he was a coming businessman. A graduate of Tokyo Imperial University, he had visited the United States after completing his studies. He was just getting established when I met him.

Toshio lived in a modest house and had a pretty wife and daughter of two. Both he and Jiro were large for Japs, being about 5 feet, 6 inches tall. So the group that evening presented a very good picture of the best of Japs—all well educated and seemingly intelligent. When Jiro and I left that evening I was not to see Toshio again for three years.

Time passed. With the passage, an atmosphere of change began to come over Japan. The more conservative elements began to see that the Tokyo government wasn't as conservative as might be wished. As 1936 drew to a close, it became evident that it was the militarists and not the statesmen who were king pins. One indication came when the foreign minister, Naotake Sato, was relieved of office, obviously because he advocated that China and Japan should settle their arguments through peaceful channels.

Anti-Jap feelings were mounting in China over issues concerning tariffs in North China and various trade issues between China and Japan in Central China. Businessmen and Statesmen wanted to see a settlement through negotiations, but they had no voice. The militarists wanted war.

On July 7, 1937, the fighting started and with it the transformation of the Japs. Jiro was among the first called to the colors. War fever racked the country. There was flag-waving and cheering all day in the streets as soldiers, in trucks and street cars flooded to the stations to go to training camps or to start their journey to China.

At the newspaper office there was a banquet for Jiro, who wasn't at all happy about going to war. He had completed two years of compulsory military service four years before and hadn't liked it very much. He was still to become the fanatical race-minded imperialist screaming about Japan's destiny in the Pacific.

It came as a surprise when he dropped a post card to his old colleagues saying that he was already gunso, or sergeant. Later he became socho, or sergeant major, corresponding to first sergeant in the Marines. He was a good soldier and proud of it.

When I saw Jiro again in January, 1938, he was a junshikan, or war-rant officer. By that time he had done some campaigning in China, being wounded in the Jap's push toward Nanking. By being wounded he missed the most brutal scenes of rape and looting in the history of war—that at Nanking in December, 1937.

Naturally, he was given a banquet by the newspaper gang when he came back to convalesce. His talk at the function impressed me greatly. As he spoke rather rapidly and used many military terms, I couldn't understand everything he said with my limited knowledge of Japanese. But some of his descriptions I did understand and they were very vivid.

Mostly he told of the fortitude of the Jap soldiers. They had held positions for days in the fighting beyond Shanghai against overwhelming Chinese forces. But never did they retreat in the face of fierce counter-attacks. For days they had stood in trenches with water up to their waists. They had performed their natural functions without being able to let down their pants. Many had had cases of dysentery and blood came out to stain the water-filled trenches.

He told, as if it were a common-place thing, of how a squad would have been blown to bits had not a private given his life by throwing himself on a Chinese hand grenade just before it exploded.

The group at the banquet table—there were about 30 in all—sat in rapt attention. All eyes were shining brightly—I thought with unnatural brightness—as their owners devoured each word and savored each gruesome detail. There was no sound save Jiro's voice, sometimes humorous, sometimes hard, as he extolled the heroism of Japan's intrepid warriors.

Eager to get the full details of the harrowing experience in the fighting I invited Jiro to go drinking with me after the banquet.

When I asked him to tell me more about the terrible times in the trenches and the great hardships, Jiro leaned back and laughed a little drunkenly. Such stories he explained were invented by the officers and were to be recited by returning soldiers to impress people with the dauntless courage of the soldiers who could never be defeated.

Actually, he admitted, he had run on several occasions, and so had his comrades, when things began to get too hot. "The myth that Japanese soldiers die rather than retreat must be perpetuated, but it isn't true," he said.

It was obvious, however, that Jiro believed many of the things that were part and parcel of Jap military indoctrination. In a way it was parallel to the rantings of Hitler about the German super race.

Jiro, who had been a pacifist at heart, who had favored peaceful eco-

TURN PAGE



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FALL OF JIRO (continued)

nomie intercourse among nations and who had expressed hatred for the German type of military tyranny, had become spokesman for exactly the things he had hated.

An indication of the change that had come over Jiro was plain as we parted that evening. He told me that he hadn't been home yet. Before he went to war he had been a home-loving person. Perhaps he would go to his home in a few days, he said, but that night he was going to spend in a brothel.

Physically Jiro had changed, too. Army life had agreed with him. He had gained weight and looked very healthy. There were hard lines around the mouth, and his eyes, which had almost been those of a dreamer, were hard and fierce. I noticed that he scowled at businessmen, especially those who looked well-groomed and wealthy. But he wasn't a soldier lacking respect for an able-bodied man out of uniform, for those at whom he scowled were well past the military age.

It was more than a year before I saw Jiro again. In the meantime, Japan was going from bad to worse. Prices were going up and commodities were getting scarce. But, worst of all, the people were changing. Jiro was just one example. The transformation of Japan from a friendly country inhabited by human beings into a nation of fanatic maniacs was each day more plainly visible.

For a moment there had been a spark of hope. There were still a few people who hated war and the militarists who ruled them. After the war in Europe began, there were those who felt that Japan would be dragged into the world conflict and who resented and feared such a development. Any signs that the militarists would crack were welcome.

I won't soon forget how the managing editor of the paper, Morimitsu Kitamura, jumped from his desk when the first news was flashed that Germany and Russia had signed a non-aggression pact. Kitamura had been educated in the United States, being a graduate of the University of Washington.

"I hope that will teach that stupid bunch of generals to trust Nazi Germany," he shouted. Others in the room shared his sentiments. It looked like the Tokyo militarists had suffered a blow from which it would be difficult to rise again. The Axis pact had been their idea and now the main Axis partner had signed a treaty with Russia, the arch-enemy of Japan, entirely without consulting the Tokyo officials. It was an Axis double-cross.

Besides, the war in Europe was at a complete standstill. It began to look like it would be a war without any battles. There was talk of a war of nerves, but no conflict appeared in the offing after Hitler's conquest of Poland.

For a little while, the Japanese press and the man on the street seemed more at ease. There was even talk of friendship among Japan, the United States and Britain, a situation under which the Japs could prosper and thrive as an industrial nation.

The day of the conservative, however, was short. When the Nazi hordes marched into the Low Countries on May 10, 1940, and followed with the death blow on France, the militarists could once more raise their heads. They had been backing the right horse—the efficient military machine they admired. Next would come a German invasion of England and the have-not nations would be approaching their goal of dominating the world through force.

It was soon after this German show of military power that I bumped into Jiro again quite by accident. He had forsaken his old newspaper friends and had failed to look them up this time when he was back on furlough. I met him on Owari-cho near the Nippen Gekijo, one of the capital's largest theaters.

As we had once been good friends, I greeted him quite warmly and I must say that he seemed pleased to see me. Drawn by the mutual desire to have a warming drink, we wandered toward the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway. There was only darkness where the bright neon lights of the Ginza Palace and those of the other gay night spots had shone a year before.

The enormous Kirin beer hall, on a corner of Owari-cho and the Ginza, was closed. The over-sized barrel that formed the trick door of the rivaling Yebisu beer hall directly across the street was shut for the evening. The day's quota was always sold out in an hour or so.

But the streets were crowded. War work had made many people wealthy. From our vantage point before the closed doors of the Kirin beer hall, we could see forms moving behind the windows of all ten stories of the Mitsukoshi and the Itoya department stores where anything from pins to pianos could be bought.

Night stalls with their profusion of trinkets and merchandise, which always gave the Ginza a carnival atmosphere on cool autumn evenings, were doing a rush business. Only the soldiers, among the women in gay kimonos and men in business suits, gave an indication that the country was at war. Artificial prosperity was in the air.

It was the sight of the war-rich that brought a solution to our problem. Jiro thought of his brother, Toshio.

It was plain to me that Jiro was all but happy over the idea of falling back on Toshio for a few drinks, but he said with a noticeable sneer that he was sure Toshio would have plenty of sake and perhaps even some imported whiskey.

His statement and his attitude surprised me until he intimated a little brusquely that Toshio was doing more than well in business—it was clear he meant profiteering.

We hailed the nearest taxi. Toshio's home was in the higher part of the city. The taxi spluttered considerably on the uphill grind. By that time all taxis in Japan were charcoal driven.

There was something desolate about the house when we entered the door and Toshio's wife seemed old and drawn when she greeted us in a tone-less voice—kneeling and touching her head to the matted floor.

There was a short discussion between Jiro and Toshio's wife. It was in low tones and I couldn't hear what they were saying. I hadn't taken off my shoes and neither had Jiro. When the talk was over he beckoned me that we should leave.

We walked a block in silence. There was anger in Jiro's face—unusual anger for by this time there was always anger on Jiro's face.

At the corner a taxi pulled up. Out of it stepped a man who was obviously prosperous. His black dress coat and pin-striped morning pants that Japanese love to wear on all occasions were slightly askew. It was easy to see that he had been drinking.

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I. Q. ANSWERS from page 44

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| 1 Left Turn (or) | 10 Pull Chocks |
| Right Turn | 11 Lock Tail Wheel |
| 2 Cut Engines | 12 Raise Wing Flaps |
| 3 Slow Down | 13 Insert Chocks |
| 4 Spread Wings | 14 Stop |
| 5 Fold Wings | 15 Thumbs Up |
| 6 Unlock Tail Wheel | 16 Lower Wing Flaps |
| 7 Up Hook | 17 Start Engines |
| 8 Come Ahead | 18 Open Cow Flaps |
| 9 Emergency Stop | 19 Turnover of Command |

FALL OF JIRO (continued)

Jiro greeted him as an old acquaintance but not with much warmth and cordiality. There was coldness in his voice and he did not bow when he spoke.

I stood a little distance off as the two conversed but couldn't help being aware that the prosperous-looking gentleman's laugh was uneasy and contained no mirth when he finished a statement that must have been intended for humor.

The taxi driver idled his car at the curb, considering it likely that Jiro and I would be passengers. In that he was right.

As we climbed in, Jiro gave an address in the suburbs. It was a district where there were small trim houses with well-kept gardens. All Jiro said to me was: "I think we will be able to find Toshio and get something to drink. The man I spoke to works with him." The rest of the drive we made in silence. Jiro was in no mood to talk.

We stopped before one of the small trim houses and dismissed the driver. We could hear a gruff male laugh as we approached the door. A young maid-servant answered our ring. The male laugh stopped and a voice tipsily called for whoever it was outside to come on in. The young maid, who hadn't spoken yet, took our coats and bowed us toward the living room.

When we slid the door open, we saw Toshio with his arm around a girl, holding a sake cup in his free hand. For a moment I didn't recognize him.

His face, for a Japanese, was florid and there was an unhealthy bagginess about it. One look showed that he was drunk and the exaggerated gestures as he bade us sit down told more eloquently of the obvious.

I could see that it was only the traditional Japanese respect for the elder brother, plus an honest desire for drink, that kept Jiro completely cordial as we made ourselves at home.

Jiro began drinking with a will and soon both brothers were equally deep in their cups. Toshio bragged about the money he was making and spoke with pride, rather than shame, about the mistress whom he embraced. He spoke of others that he had and made it plain that he hadn't seen his wife for months, or sent her more than enough money barely to take care of her essential needs and those of his young daughter.

There was nothing surprising in these statements. Japs who made much money from the war frequently left their wives and children virtually to shift for themselves. Aside from comfort and pleasure they have utter disregard for their women.

At first I had taken Jiro's dark looks to mean that he disliked his brother's waywardness, but the conversation along those lines made it plain that he considered it quite natural—in fact the logical thing to do.

I could see that there was something on Jiro's mind as he kept filling his cup. I knew he was brimming over with something that he wished to say—something burned deeply in his soul.

The atmosphere was electric, and I couldn't help feeling a little tense. Jiro filled his cup. With a movement swift as a cat he threw the whole contents in Toshio's face. "I hate you," he screamed in a voice more beast than human.

"I hate everything you stand for. Japan is a nation of warriors. The warriors should rule—the warriors will rule as in the glorious days of the Samurai, the men at arms will be the masters, the owners, the ones with wealth and power. Men like you," and here Jiro snarled like a jungle beast, "will be our slaves."

Toshio cringed back in mortal fear, suddenly very sober. If you have seen the fear in the eyes of a trapped animal, or the fear in the eyes of a coward who has been struck, you know how Toshio looked.

Jiro sat across the table, poised as if to spring. The knuckles of his tanned hand showed white as his fingers tightened on the sake bottle in his grasp. The mistress withdrew to a corner of the room, sitting quietly and unperturbed on a silken cushion.

After a moment of silence, Jiro continued his tirade and Toshio's face took on a deathly pallor.

"I am a warrior," screamed Jiro. "The warriors will reflect the glory of the Emperor. We will rule all Asia and dominate the world. The rest of the world will make the things we need."

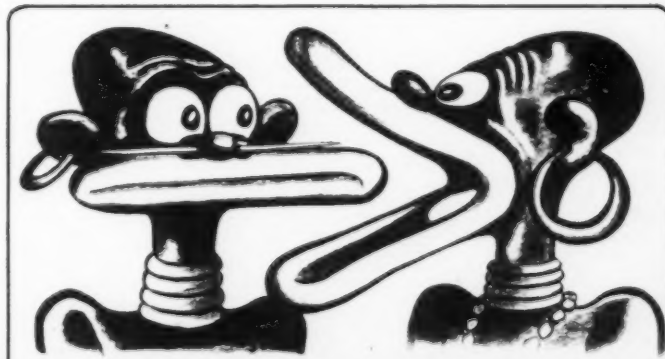
"And businessmen, yes businessmen and shopkeepers," he shouted with scorn, "will be our vassals and do our bidding." To punctuate his hate he lunged across the table and gave his brother a resounding slap across the face with an open palm.

I felt a little nauseated. It wasn't so much Jiro that nauseated me. Mad dogs aren't nauseating. They are just insane animals that should be shot. The sickening feeling came when I looked at Toshio, the weak, the corrupt, the heartless man who was a complete coward, a moral weakling—a man who was completely rotten.

The maid slid the door open to see if the master wished more drink. I beckoned her and rose, asking for my coat. She brought it.

For a few moments I stood by the door before leaving. Of course I should have expressed thanks for the hospitality. But neither Jiro nor Toshio noticed that I was leaving. I last remember Jiro as he sat glaring at his cringing brother, his mad eyes burning into his brother's frightened, wide-open eyes.

END



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Air Invasion

DEFEAT OF the once terrifying Luftwaffe was nearly accomplished. Across the English channel Anglo-Saxon and Nazi tautly faced each other, for it has been conceded generally elimination of German sky power would be a prerequisite to invasion. To secure the tight little island against leakage of life-and-death secrets, England virtually interned the diplomatic corps of 43 nations. History has no parallel for the action.

In a significant statement the U. S. Strategic Air Forces and the British Air Ministry announced the European air war had reached its "climatic phase". A year before—on April 17, 1943—the air forces had launched a two-fold crusade to cut off Nazi plane replacement, then to fight the existing fleets out of the sky. The rapidly-growing Eighth Air Force was given the job of smashing widely deployed German aircraft industry. The RAF was to keep up its steadily increasing pressure on denser concentrations of Hitler's factories.

On their part the Nazis sought to quadruple their planes by April, 1944, and from August, 1942, to last July had succeeded in almost doubling their fighter strength despite Allied efforts. In August, German fortune began to recede, improved during early winter when bad weather held up RAF and USAAF fleets, began to drop steeply when heavy-scale raids resumed in January. March production was below that of August, 1942. Now the Luftwaffe no longer rises to challenge every attack, but only those most crucial to its defenses.

A high air official in England estimated that 5000 fighters had been destroyed in six months by plant demolition, and an additional 3000 to 4000 in the air since January 1. In a single week recently 25,000 tons of bombs were plummeted on thirteen Nazi aircraft factories, seventeen airfields and fourteen railroad centers, while Allied gunners brought down 600 planes, destroyed or damaged more than 100 on the ground. The Allied price was 250 bombers and 90 fighters.

Battle of Burma

Long-awaited developments in mountainous Burma on Japan's right flank suddenly were precipitated into the world spotlight. The U. S.'s Stilwell, trying to punch the Ledo road through northern Burma from India to China, had to turn to fight a quick Jap stab into India. The Nips aimed at Imphal, Allied base, and the crucial Bengal-Assam railway beyond. As the rainy monsoon season approached, the Allies were doing the double job of holding fast at Imphal and biting energetically at the Japs' rear deep in Burma.

The railway carries all supplies for Stilwell and the aerial hump route into China, including those for Chennault's hot Fourteenth Air Force which Tokyo claims is preparing to bomb the Japanese mainland.



Smoke billows from Palau atoll under U. S. task force attack 1000 miles west of Truk bastion

Six months of rain will halt the Burma campaign but will not allay new afflictions for Tojo. The Allied hit-run tactics, so successful in the Central Pacific, opened southeastern Asia quarters. Britain's Admiral Somerville sent a fleet of British, American, French and Dutch naval-air units against Sumatra. Jap bases at Lho Nga on the tip of Sumatra and the isle of Sabang were hit viciously. Allied control of the Bay of Bengal is a prerequisite to seizing Singapore, now a big Jap fleet base.



Hollandia landings rock Jap grasp on Philippines

THREE-PRONGED invasion of Hollandia in Dutch New Guinea and Aitape dealt the Japanese the most staggering blow of the Pacific war. Hollandia's air fields in U. S. hands bring already-bombed Palau atoll, 800 miles away, and the Philippines, 1200 miles distant, within easy reach of hard-hitting Liberator bombers. Perfect timing marked the operation, effected less than a month after the carrier-force smash at Palau, where enemy air and sea strength was dissipated under plane, battleship assault.

The road to Tokyo probably will have several routes, but one was suggested recently by Lieutenant General Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps, in a speech at the annual Associated Press luncheon in New York. He said light losses at Kwajalein and Eniwetok in the Marshalls were the result of lessons learned on bloody Tarawa atoll.

"But the remaining islands on the road to Tokyo are not all atolls," he warned. "The Marianas and the Carolines and the Bonins are not coral atolls. They are volcanic islands, choked with jungle growth and honey-combed with caves. There will be many places where naval gunfire will not be possible and where bombs will not penetrate. As we go closer to Japan I have no doubt that the enemy will redouble his fury in defense and counter-attack."

On the same program Rear Admiral Ramsey, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, startlingly revealed the U. S. will have more than 100 carriers in the Pacific by the end of the year.

Two powerful forces struck on each side of the Hollandia base, landing at Tanahmerah and Humboldt Bays at dawn on Saturday, April 22, to form a pincers envelopment thirty-four miles wide at its base. Simultaneously a third team hit Aitape, 150 miles to the southeast. The usual tremendous sea and air-borne barrage preceded the amphibious troops. Opposition was light. Aitape airport fell almost immediately. More than 100 Japanese aircraft were destroyed in the first two days, but Hollandia's air power, once formidable, had been largely wiped out in a Fifth Air Force blitz of several weeks. Not a single American ship was even damaged.

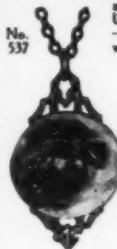
The landings jumped the Allied front on New Guinea 500 miles up from Saidor, enveloping 60,000 troops—bulk of the Japanese Eighteenth Army on New Guinea. Altogether 140,000 Nips in the northern Solomons, on New Britain, New Ireland and New Guinea were cut off from supply bases.

The two-day Palau attack failed to turn up the Jap fleet, as the first Truk assault had. But the score at Palau and Yap and Woleai, hit on the same sortie, was still impressive—160 Jap planes destroyed, 54 probably destroyed; 28 ships sunk, 17 damaged. The U. S. force lost 25 planes, 18 airmen, no ships. Four small Jap warships were among those struck. Three of them sank. A Japanese battleship was crippled by a submarine the night before the action. Installations on Palau were heavily smashed during the assault.

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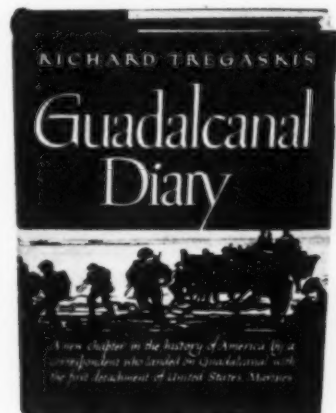
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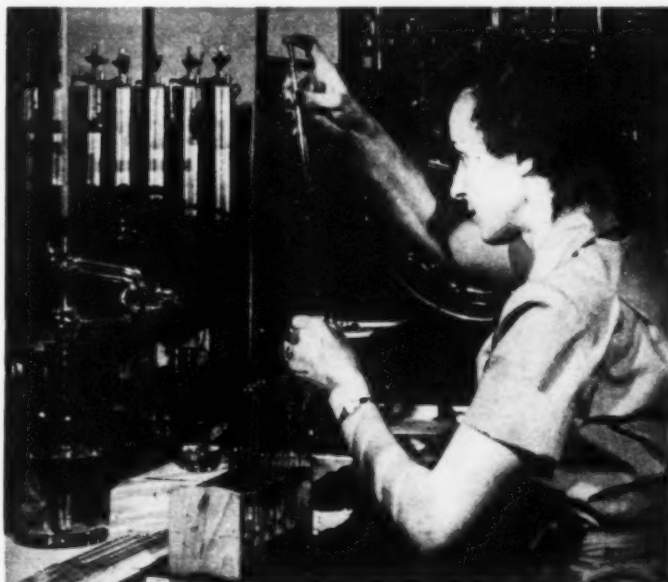
BEAT your gums all you want to, Mac, about the messhall menus but tarry a minute to meet the outfit which is out to get the official score on the nutritional value of your chow.

These "chow chemists" are attached to the Navy Medical Department at the Research Institute in Bethesda, Md. They operate from a traveling food-testing laboratory which visits Stateside Marine and naval bases to obtain samples of the chow right off the messhall tables.

Samples are tested on the scene and later given a more thorough going over in the Institute lab. Tests are made to determine the amount of vitamins, proteins and minerals lost in preparation and the effect on nutrition of the use of different types of utensils. The researchers also are searching for reasons for taste discrimination.

The unit is headed by Lieutenant Commander C. M. McCay, (MC), USN, an outstanding food expert from Cornell University, assisted by a staff of WAVES trained in nutritional work. "Our object is to spread the vitamins around a little more and try to prevent reduction in food nutritional value through faulty preparation," explains Commander McCay.

Findings of the "chow chemists" are distributed to both Stateside and overseas mess sergeants.



While truck is touring in search of samples, skilled WAVES carry on laboratory work at Institute. Overseas rations also are tested

Turn Page

FOR MEN WHO
REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton



FILTERWELL



Selected Lightweight Brier

FilterWell is the most satisfying pipe \$1 ever bought. Safeguards smoking two ways with easy-to-replace filter that absorbs "Nico-Tars" (tobacco, sediment) . . . and an in-built well that prevents "back-firing" of moisture into mouth. Result: sweeter, cooler smoking in a clean, ever-dry pipe.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS

OZONE PARK, N. Y.

I GO FOR LIFEBOUOY,
TOO, MARINES—
NO "B.O." FOR ME!



CALLIE GOODE hails from North Carolina. Likes rumba dancing and gin rummy. Favorite sports: tennis and swimming. Callie has been modeling for 5 years. Age 23. Height, 5 ft., 5 in. Weight, 112 lbs.

AH-H! WHAT
WONDERFUL LATHER—
HOW COOLIN'—HOW
REFRESHIN'! AND
GOSH—LIFEBOUOY GETS
THE DIRT AND SWEAT
IN A JIFFY!



ZOWIE! NOW I
REALLY FEEL CLEAN—
LIFEBOUOY CLEAN! YOU'LL
NEVER CATCH THIS MARINE
TAKING CHANCES
WITH "B.O."



LIFEBOUOY
HEALTH SOAP

WHEN THE SUN BEATS
DOWN COOL OFF WITH
A LIFEBOUOY SHOWER

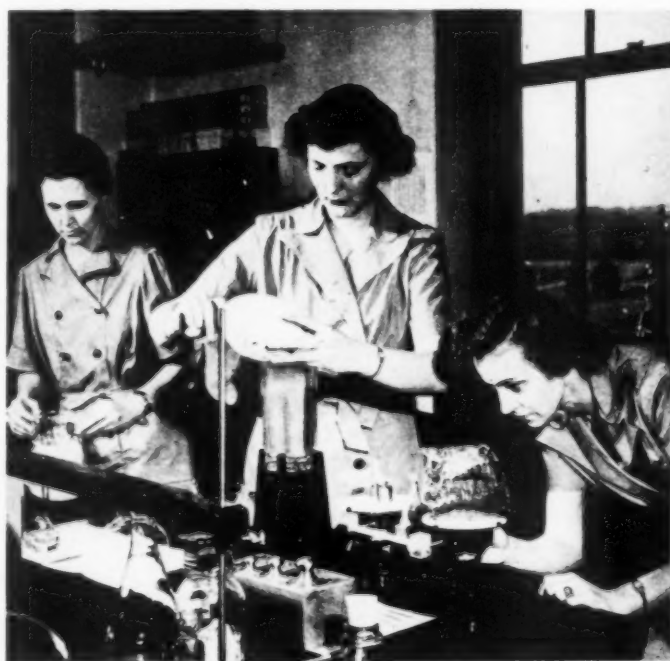
FAVORITE
SOAP of
Service Men



At Quantico, traveling chow chemists sample bread from bakeshop. Object of tests is determination of vitamin loss through baking

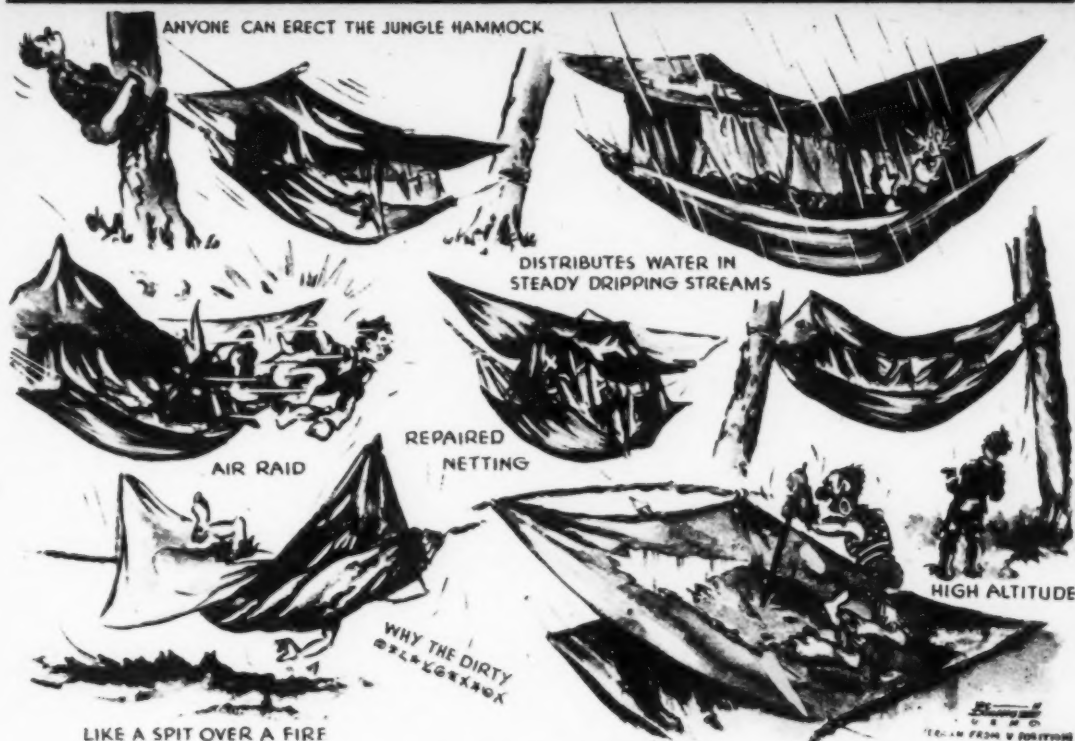


Food samples taken from mess tables are given chemical analysis on spot. Raw foods are examined for nutrition losses in handling



At completion of trip, samples get more rigorous laboratory tests. Findings are expected to result in more wholesome diet for Marines

END



by SSgt. G. A. Waindel

IT'S about time somebody clutches at his mosquito netting and has a say about the jungle hammock.

Standard equipment for Marines in the tropics, the jungle hammock is a high altitude fighter developed from the American garden variety, or hammockus backyardibus. Its principal function is to restrain the fervor of malarial mosquitos gnawing at the sleeping troops in hand-to-foot combat.

The jungle hammock is equipped with a rubberized roof from which is suspended a sturdy netting fastened with the zippers that did so much for civilization before the war. A system of ropes, lines and hausers fore and aft complete the boudoir ensemble for the beauty rest Marine.

The purpose of the hammock roof is to collect the heavy tropic rains in conveniently placed depressions and distribute the water evenly in steadily dripping streams over the sleeping occupant.

The zipper arrangement, one horizontal and the other vertical, provides a sporting element during air raids. The playful shouts of Marines gamboling in their netting enlivens many an otherwise prosaic bombing.

After the raid there is great fun in repairing the tattered netting and torn zippers with adhesive tape. As the patches increase, the "aperture permitting easy ingress and egress" steadily diminishes to one size smaller than Dopey, the undernourished member of the Seventh Dwarf Battalion commanded by Snow White.

Anyone can erect a jungle hammock; anyone with an engineering degree and an honorary LL.D. — which stands for Dervish of Lengthy Leaps. The first step after leaving the smirking quartermaster is to untangle the mass of cords, canvas and netting and select two rope ends. Any two will do. Tie one end to a

tree and discover there is no other tree within rope length.

In selecting a substitute tree, be on the alert for capricious members of the camouflage corps disguised as coconut palms. And remember that regulations forbid tying the hammock to the sentry post.

There are vying schools of thought on the best position for rigor morpheus. Some Marines prefer to sleep in the shape of a V—for Victim. Others stretch the hammock taut and delight in spinning like a spit over a fire. Scarey cats string their hammocks so close to terra firma that foxholes must be dug beneath for clearance. More swashbuckling dare devils sleep so high in the trees that many are grounded for flying by instrument.

There is a special technique for entering the jungle hammock. Standard orders of procedure call for the candidate to undergo weeks of rigorous training, climaxed by a low altitude parachute jump.

Then comes H-hour, or the solo flight. Cautious novices erect safety platforms, seize the ailerons and wriggle aboard with prayer and imprecation. Their more bodacious fellows clear a runway and vault into the tangled array of netting with insouciant disregard of danger in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service.

This discussion would be incomplete without the mention of Gremlocks. A Gremlock is a Gremlin who has been washed out of the air force and assigned to stunt flying in a jungle hammock. After 100 successful missions in which occupants are shot down in their netting, the Gremlock is given a 30-day furlough to Gremland.

Ground crew Gremlocks construct the intricate system of sieve-like holes in the hammock roof, irrigating the entire project during the rainy season, every season in the jungle. **END**



As the designers pictured it

Servicing Servicemen

One of the newest features of the nation-wide investment house of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, is its Servicemen's Department. Established nearly a year ago to assist men at war to protect their financial situations at home, it has been receiving virtually a small Niagara of letters from officers of the highest ranks to "G. I. Joes and Janes." Most of these correspondents seek advice about investment holdings, many ask for general business and financial information. All receive information promptly, without obligation of any kind.

From All Fronts. Letters from these servicemen reach M L, P, F & B from the seven seas—from the Pacific, the Asiatic and the European theatres. Typical example—from an Overseas Staff Officer: "Many men of this Regiment have come to various staff members with problems of investment and finance which it is not possible to adequately answer."

The firm receives numerous letters from Commanders of ships with the Fleet Forces as well as C. O.'s of military bases writing in behalf of their personnel who have come to them for help in taking care of their investment problems.

Servicemen's Booklet. M L, P, F & B has published a comprehensive booklet on investment practice for servicemen, will be glad to send it to any member of the armed forces on request. It contains practical information for those who are unacquainted with investment procedure, is valuable to those who have dealt in securities in the past. Further, in order to assist officers who receive requests from personnel for help on investment problems, the firm will be glad to send them extra copies for distribution to their men.

M L, P, F & B invites servicemen who have not yet written about their holdings to do so, believes that the coming months call for especially careful check on investments in the light of rapidly changing events. Requests should be addressed to the Servicemen's Department, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane headquarters, 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y., U. S. A.

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U.S.M.C. "Key Of Honor" in Sterling Silver and red and white hard enamel. Complete with chain, in Gift Case **\$5.95**

Earrings to match with emblem center mounted on clamp earrings. Sterling silver, per pair, only **\$4.95**

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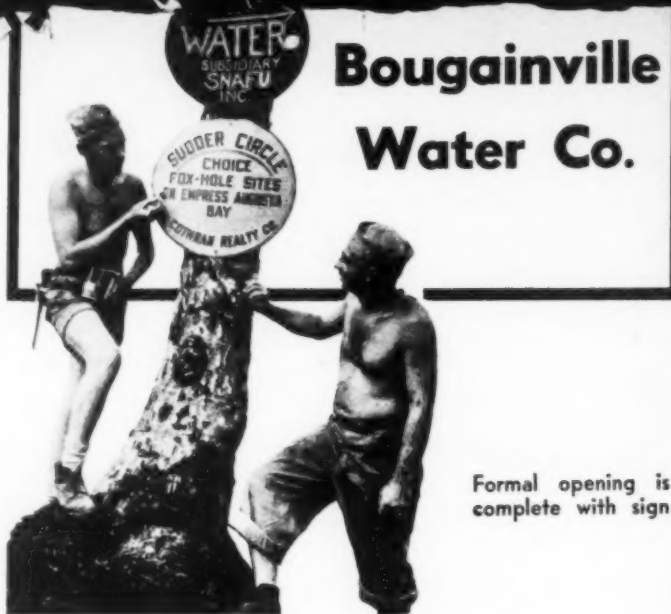
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Lewis W. Douglas, President

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Bougainville Water Co.

Formal opening is complete with sign

TURNING dirty river water into clean drinking water for Marines fighting on Bougainville is the job of Seabee Water Tender First Class Lonnie F. Suder, affectionately known as "Pappy". Suder hit the beach with the second wave and went to work as these pictures show.



Bougainville Water Works, Inc., gets its supply from the muddy Koromokina River, piped through booster pump to mobile filter unit



From filter potable drinking water is piped to 3000-gallon storage tank which here is tapped by Marine to fill water cans on jeep

END

Fleas in the hair of the J A P S



"Honey Lee" is a Piper Cub that has gone to war with artillery. Her slow speed allows her to pick out targets faster ships miss

THEY'RE called the "fleas of the air" or the "Aerial Hawkshaws" for their insignia of the famed detective riding the skies on an artillery shell, and jokingly but affectionately, they're referred to as the "luft-waffe."

They're the eyes of the artillery from above the jungle's twisted matting, and they're the friend in need of isolated patrol parties.

They are—of all things—Piper Cubs, those pint-sized nomads of the airplanes at home which now have gone to war as the air arm of Marine artillery in jungleland, to become the latest addition on the roster of warplanes operating in the South Pacific.

The mission of these newly-formed detachments is airspotting and observation. They saunter above our front lines, flying just above the tree tops to stay under the umbrella of anti-aircraft flak, designating targets for their mates manning the big guns downstairs and calling their shots for range correction.

Their low rate of speed makes it possible for observers to single out small but important targets which swifter, larger planes often miss. Their size and ability to take off or land on a handkerchief runway permits operations of Pipers in areas where other planes would fear to tread.

The combat history of the Pipers is short, but already they are clamoring for proprietary rights in the parachuting of food and ammunition to outlying infantry patrols in their "off watch" periods with the artillery. Trial run for this type of work came one day during the Cape Gloucester campaign when a Piper delivered a new portable radio to a scouting unit which was out of communication with its CP. Later, another patrol up in the hills radioed for water. As soon as there was a rift in the overcast, a Piper floated a drum of fresh water down via parachute.

At least two Marine artillery outfits in the Pacific theater already sport these undersized scout squadrons, and the one at Gloucester has proved itself under fire by providing all the aerial observation for the embattled ground forces there, often putting in eight to ten hours daily in the air. In addition, these "fleas" twice spied small Japanese vessels trying to reinforce the enemy's positions in Borgen Bay and tipped off the big bombers.

They are doughty crews which fly and maintain these Piper L-4's. The pilots include both officers and enlisted men, but mostly the latter, and many of them once flew Pipers in the States for fun before becoming artillerymen.

One of the Cape Gloucester pilots, for instance, is Private First Class Albert G. Hoffman, Jr., from Mullica Hill, N. J., who liter-

ally taught himself to fly. With several other air enthusiasts, he helped organize a flying club several years ago. The members chipped in to buy two Cubs, rented a pasture from a farmer near Bridgeport and learned the rudiments of aeronautics the hard way, aided occasionally by friendly pilots.

Two of the others in this group once worked for the Piper manufacturer—Private First Class Harrison R. Dalzell of Dallas, Tex., and Private First Class Robert J. Remick of McElhattan, Pa.

Remick was a foreman at the Cub plant in Lock Haven, Pa., a fact which keeps him grounded a good bit of the time because he is the best informed of the group about the plane's construction. This knowledge quite naturally nets him the work of servicing the planes and directing the ground crews, who also are artillerymen with a flair for aviation.

The repair shop for the Gloucester Pipers is about as unorthodox as their operations—

it's a tent and a home-made wooden table which leans against a tree. The tools are all borrowed from a motor transport company. "They're about as much use on a Piper Cub as they would be on a watch," said Dalzell, but he and a crew stripped and overhauled one of the planes between 0600 and 2200 one day, with time out for chow.

Despite their slowness and lack of armor or defensive guns, the Pipers have proved adept at keeping out of harm's way for the most part. For one thing, they seldom rove beyond their own front lines and when they

do they stick to hedge-hopping and the observer discourages enemy riflemen with bursts from a tommy gun or BAR. Their speed—or lack of it—makes them relatively safe from enemy fighters which fly so fast they overshoot the Pipers before getting them in their sights.

The Hawkshaws, however, weren't unduly surprised when one day a message arrived that one of the Pipers was down. For want of equipment, mechanics had been straining the gasoline for the Pipers through a G. I. scivvie top and the mesh isn't fine enough to filter out all the water. On a long reconnaissance flight, the inevitable had happened and the fuel line had clogged in the plane piloted by Private First Class William C. Jennings of Burbank, Cal., forcing him down in the jungle.

Jennings' observer, First Lieutenant Richard E. Roach of Chevy Chase, Md., fought his way back to camp and an amphibian tractor came out to flatten a clearing in the undergrowth large enough to allow a takeoff.

Since then the mechanics have obtained a piece of chamois leather to serve as a makeshift filter for the gasoline.

END



"She says she likes you 'cause you don't have '5 o'clock Shadow'."

"Gee, I guess underneath it all she's just like the girls back home, huh?"

Indubitably! They're all sisters under their skins. In Igloo Land, in the lush Tropics and along Main Street, U.S.A., they like men who keep cheek-smooth.

So avoid "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with genuine Gem Singledge Blades. They shave closer with comfort—keep you face-neat longer!

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WORD MEANING
4 SWELL SOAPS IN 1?

SWAN, OF COURSE!



1. **Swan for bath and shower** — It lathers up faster than a sour-puss sergeant . . . but leaves you feeling fine!
2. **Swan for face and hands** — Thick-suds make grime disappear like magic. Swan up and shine!
3. **Swan for laundry** — Give your clothes a workout with swift-sudsin' Swan. They'll be spic and also span!
4. **Swan for shaving** — Yes, shaving! Swan's lather is creamy and mild. Takes the whiskers off like a breeze!

TRY SWAN YOURSELF

TUNE IN:

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— CBS, Tuesday nights

SWAN

FLOATING SOAP



MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Women Marines

Women Marines have invaded Parris Island, east coast citadel of the Marine "boot." The WR, ultimately to be 1,000 strong at P. I., have taken over many of the permanent post administrative jobs to relieve men for combat duty. 'Twas a historic day when WR's first marched on P. I.'s parade grounds (above).



A familiar detail with unfamiliar characters! Those gal MP's mean "keep out," Joe. Women's area is ruled out of bounds to all boots



Recreation room for WR's at P. I. is equipped to suit all tastes and moods. All facilities for women are new, modern construction



Outdoor recreation includes both golf and sailboating in the bay. WR's work too, same schedule as Marines whose jobs they assumed



A male eyeview of a well-groomed WR squadron at P. I. Chests of drawers replace lockers. Each barracks houses 200 in four rooms
END



"... and just as I was passing the post barber shop somebody hollered 'get in line'."



I THINK I'M BEING TRADED FOR TWO BOTTLES OF BLUE RIBBON //

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*No winding necessary—
wrist action keeps it running.

Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

★ Casualties ★

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead,
from March 15, 1944, to April 15, 1944:

DEAD

ALABAMA

HICKS, Marion L., Pvt.
LEFEVRE, Carroll J., Pvt.
WASEMAN, Louis M., Pvt.

ARKANSAS

ARNOLD, Wallace E., PFC
BAUGHMAN, Loundis C., Pvt.
WILKERSON, Joseph W., PFC

CALIFORNIA

ALDRICH, Jack W., 1st Lt.
BRECHLEY, John M., Sgt.
BROOKS, John O., PFC
BURKLEY, Earl W., PFC
BURRELL, Jasper G., Jr., Pvt.
CASTRO, Everett J., Sgt.
CHERRY, Henry B., Jr., Pvt.
CLARK, Leighton M., Capt.
DAVIS, Merle V., PFC
DISHMON, Clarence J., PFC
DOYLE, John J., Jr., GySgt.
FRITZIE, Herbert H., 1st Lt.
GERTSEL, Henry R., Corp.
GREER, Robert E., Corp.
LUTTRELL, Thomas E., Corp.
McCLELLAN, Earl W., 1st Sgt.
NEAL, William R., Sgt.
PIPER, Natl A., Jr., PFC
SANDSTAD, Elton R., Corp.
SHARDLOW, William S., Pvt.
VILLA, Alexandro C., PFC
WALLACE, Jack M., Corp.
YORK, William H., PFC

COLORADO

ELDER, Robert P., Sgt.
IRELAND, Richard L., PFC
OSTRUM, Harry, Jr., 1st Lt.
WALSH, John K., PISgt.

CONNECTICUT

BURKE, John B., Corp.
CONNOR, Robert F., Corp.
SCHOENING, Eric G., 2nd Lt.
SEWALL, Thomas J., Jr., PFC
SLEP, Louis I., Pvt.
YORK, Paul A., Corp.

DELAWARE

JONES, George T., PISgt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BERRY, Raymond, Sgt.
KENNEDY, Frank E., GySgt.

FLORIDA

BVRD, Billie R., Pvt.
EASON, Everett H., PFC
HARDIN, Hendry H., 2nd Lt.
HENNIS, James B., PFC
STONE, Chester W., PFC
VAN NESS, Benjamin E., PFC
ZWISSLER, Norbert W., PFC

GEORGIA

COLLEY, Joseph F., FMic
COOK, Homer V., Capt.
HOWARD, Henry D., PFC
LEE, James T., Corp.
STAPLETON, Virgil, Pvt.

IDAHO

OSBORNE, Floyd, PFC

ILLINOIS

AHLSTROM, Robert W., Pvt.
ANILAK, John S., PFC
BROWN, Luther B., Pvt.
CARLSTEDT, Joseph W., PFC
CATES, Arthur V., PFC
CLAWSON, Herbert J. F., PFC
FERGUSON, Edward T., PFC
KENNEDY, Eugene H., PFC
KYBURZ, John E., PFC
LAHEY, John F., PFC
LANE, Thomas E., Jr., Corp.
MILLSTONE, Benjamin W., Corp.
RUSSEL, Edward F., Sgt.
SMITH, Robert G., 1st Lt.

INDIANA

BRIDGEWATER, Frank A., PFC
CRUM, John D., PFC
DIXON, Donald E., PFC
KEMP, Hobart, 1st Lt.
MARTIN, George C., PFC
McCASLIN, Gwinn E., Pvt.
MERCHANT, Charles F., PFC
POLK, Harold E., Pvt.
PRATHER, Charles B., 2nd Lt.
RITTER, Harry H., Jr., Sgt.
ROBERTSON, Frank W., Pvt.
SPENCER, Lenual V., PFC (C9)
STEELE, William, PFC

IOWA

HAYDEN, Lloyd E., TSgt.
JONES, Paul B., PISgt.
NUSSBAUM, Loren E., PFC
O'TOOLE, Robert F., PFC
SHERWIN, Jesse F., PFC

KANSAS

BLACKNEY, Lloyd C., GySgt.
WATSON, Clifford W., 1st Lt.

KENTUCKY

DECKARD, Delmer C., PFC
GALLO, Anthony J., Corp.
GUIDUGLI, Dave A., PFC
LIDE, Robert W., Corp.
RAMSEY, Emery, Corp.
RILEY, James A., PFC

LOUISIANA

HARPER, Joseph R., Jr., Corp.
MYERS, James, PFC
ROBINSON, Jimmie C., PFC

MARYLAND

POLONESI, Carmello F., Pvt.
WILLIAMS, John J., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS

BUCK, Robert E., PFC
GABRIELSKI, William F., Sgt.
HARKNESS, James V., PFC
KEHOE, Blaine, Corp.
KENNEDY, Charles R., PISgt.
LE CLAIR, Herbert R., PISgt.
LIBERATORE, Wilfred F., Sgt.
MAXWELL, Thomas F., PFC
SANSOUCIE, Henry V., PFC
SHUMAKER, Robert, 2nd Lt.
THRASHER, Howard, Corp.
VENEZIA, Raymond R., Sgt.

MICHIGAN

BEACHNAU, Lavern J., Pvt.
CARSON, Samuel A., Jr., Pvt.
COLOMBO, William J., PFC
FAUST, Claire E., Sgt.
HURD, Norman C., PFC
KAUFMAN, Bobbie R., PFC
LUSKIN, Weldon G., Corp.
MITTER, George D., Jr., PFC
MUNTEAN, Earl, PFC
RYBICKI, Walter, Corp.
SIENKANIEK, Zigmund J., PISgt.
SIMO, John, Corp.
TAHOR, Greydon M., Sgt.
VAN WAGNEN, Walter L., PFC

MINNESOTA

EDER, Donald H., PFC
KAYESKA, Charles P., PFC
KNODT, Harold F., PFC
ROSHEIM, Lawrence E., PFC

MISSISSIPPI

CARTER, John W., PFC
RAY, William D., Pvt.

MISSOURI

BUGG, John A., PFC
HUTCHISON, Hsie C., Corp. (C9)
MARIK, Clifford A., Corp.
McKAY, Walter C., Corp.
PAPPAGEORGE, William N., TSgt.
SANDERS, Lee D., Sgt.
SCHMIDT, Merrill F., PFC
WIEMAN, Robert W., PFC

MONTANA

BABCOCK, Leonard W., PFC

NEBRASKA

GUNZENHAUSER, Ivan J., SSgt.
LINCOLN, Phillip W., PFC

NEW HAMPSHIRE

QUINN, Francis T., Pvt.

NEW JERSEY

DEVOURNEY, Herbert E., Jr., Corp.
DULKO, Sigmund T., PFC
DUNTHORN, Cecil B., PFC
McKEON, Edward, Jr., Pvt.
MULVIHILL, Peter A., PFC
SHEETS, Warren H., PFC
SJURSEN, Paul W., Corp.
THURNAU, Theodore D., Jr., 1st Lt.

NEW MEXICO

SANDERS, Bert C., 2nd Lt.



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NEW! LHS STERNCREST

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in the Douglas Shoes*



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\$6.50 \$8.50

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Stores in Principal Cities
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CASUALTIES-(continued)

NEW YORK

BLAIR, Charles, PFC
BOBBITT, Jack P., Sgt.
CROPANESE, Bartolo T., PFC
DAGGETT, Francis M., Pvt.
JONES, Robert O., PFC
KIESS, Norman W., Sgt.
KOMROWSKI, George A., PFC
LORING, George, GySgt.
MARION, William R., PFC
McGOVERN, Edward J., PFC
McKENNA, Robert E., PFC
MULLIGAN, Robert F., Pvt.
NIDETCH, Irwin D., Pvt.
NOVAK, Edward B., PFC
POPKIN, Arthur G., Sgt.
PUTNAM, Gerald C., Sgt.
RIESZ, Francis, Corp.
RIPLEY, Warren A., PFC
ROCKEFELLER, Donald S., PFC
SPLANN, Daniel, PFC
TUBBS, Warren H., TSgt.

NORTH CAROLINA

BUMGARDNER, Charles M., Pvt.
DAVIS, John P., PFC
HANKINS, Justice R., PFC
MERCER, Don L., PFC
SEEMAN, Henry E., 1st Lt.
WICKER, Raymond F., Pvt.

NORTH DAKOTA

SCHIMKE, Moody, Corp.

OHIO

BENNETT, Glenn W., PFC
BLACK, Elmer L., Sgt.
CASTLE, Frank D., Corp.
DAVIS, Chalmers R., Corp.
EDWARDS, Frank L., PFC
FORD, Marvin W., Pvt.
GARVIN, Owen R., PFC
HAYES, Howard R., PFC
JOHNSON, Richard E., PFC
KASKY, John J., Pvt.
KENNEY, James J., TSgt.
KUYKENDALL, Leroy, PFC
LOVEJOY, Robert W., PFC
MARSH, Robert W., PFC
MARTY, Jacob, Jr., SSgt.
MOOK, Russell H., PFC
NAVARRO, Michael A., PFC
OST, Richard J., PFC
PUSKAS, John R., PFC
SCACCO, Benny T., Pvt.
SCHUR, Frank, PFC

OKLAHOMA

EARHART, Elijah L., PFC
JILLSON, Edward L., PFC
SEVIER, Joseph O., PFC

OREGON

McCLAIN, John B., Corp.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADAMSKIE, John V., Pvt.
BANKOWSKI, Edward J., Corp.
CHELAND, Francis J., Pvt.
DAMATO, Anthony P., Corp.
DEAN, Andrew H., PFC
FEENEY, James, Corp.
GALO, Joseph, PFC
GONDA, John R., PFC
GRAHAM, Arthur C., PFC
IAIA, Albert C., PFC (C9)
JENKINS, Thomas R., Pvt.
KELLY, James J., Sgt.
KORBEL, Frank A., PFC
LUCAS, Charles W., PFC
MATACHOSKY, Michael J., PFC
McGETTIGAN, Glenn W., TSgt.
MEKULA, Robert J., PFC
MORROW, Richard E., Corp.
MYERS, Harold R., Pvt.
RESLEY, William J., PFC
SILZLE, Elmer H., Jr., Sgt.
SMITH, Clarence R., PFC
ULMER, Charles M., Corp.
WILCHASKI, Samuel J., Sgt.

RHODE ISLAND

BROCK, William V., PFC
SALVAS, Raymond E., PFC
TRUDEAU, James U., PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

FIELDS, Raymon E., PFC
VAUGHN, Nathaniel C., Corp.

SOUTH DAKOTA

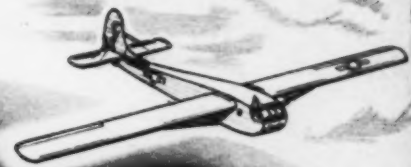
ROGER, Leo W., PFC

TENNESSEE

ASH, Bernice L., Corp.
CARMICHAEL, Wilbert F., Corp.
DAVIS, Herbert L., Capt.
FAIR, Earl F., PFC
GOOLSBIE, Lloyd C., PlSgt.
PRATT, Paul E., PFC

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TURN PAGE

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SHAVING CREAM! ITS SOOTHING
"STAY-MOIST" LATHER IS KIND
TO TENDER SKIN — SOFTENS
TOUGH WHISKERS
FAST...

...AND EVEN WITH COLD WATER
OR A USED BLADE LIFEBOUY
SHAVING CREAM GIVES CLEANER,
EASIER SHAVES THAN LIGHT, QUICK-
DRYING LATHERS!

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HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST"
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SHAVES IN THE
BIG RED TUBE

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Shaving
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— HOLDS
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All servicemen are singing out its praise
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So take this tip and profit by
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Dirty shoes you will abolish
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CASUALTIES—(continued)

TEXAS

DANNER, James L., 2nd Lt.
DAWSON, George W., PFC
GILBERT, W. B., 1st Lt.
GREEN, Wayne R., Sgt.
OVERSTREET, Everett M., PFC
RICHARDS, Clarence O., Jr., Corp.
ROBERTS, Herman M., PFC
WALLACE, Jack T., Jr., PFC

UTAH

THOMPSON, West A., Sgt.

VERMONT

ANDERSON, Roger E., PFC
LEE, James W., Jr., SSgt.

VIRGINIA

LEPPERT, Norman E., Pvt.
TAYLOR, Thomas S., PFC
WOOD, John E., Pvt.

WASHINGTON

HEFLEY, Glendale, PFC
LONGSHORE, Chester E., 2nd Lt.
VANDERBUR, Joseph W., Corp.

WEST VIRGINIA

FINDLEY, James E., Corp.
FOSTER, Jack W., PFC
HORNEY, George B., Corp.
ROUSH, Ralph L., 2nd Lt.
SAMPLES, Bert T., Jr., PFC

WISCONSIN

BEHLING, Arthur A., Pvt.
JUNG, Claude E., Corp.
KIMBALL, James K., 1st Lt.
MARTON, Kelly V., PFC
SCHENLE, Robert E., PFC
STAFSLIEN, Victor T., PFC
STEWART, Harlan E., Maj.
TAKACH, Rudolf, PFC
VALCQ, Merrit S., PFC (C9)

WYOMING

YOUNG, Samuel A., Sgt.

MISSING

CALIFORNIA

BOYDEN, James W., 1st Lt.
DESOUCEY, Joseph E., Capt.
FOWLER, James L., 1st Lt.
HATHWAY, Alonzo N., 1st Lt.
McCLAIN, Clyde H., Jr., PlSgt.
ONTJES, Fred, 1st Sgt.
PARKS, James P., 1st Lt.
SMITH, James K., Major
YOUNG, Glen D., Corp.

COLORADO

CORNELIUS, Hugh L., 1st Lt.
HARRIS, Robert N., 2nd Lt.

CONNECTICUT

GREENE, James W., Jr., Sgt.
SLIPKAS, Edward M., SSgt.
SULLIVAN, Joseph A., Jr., SSgt.

FLORIDA

BARTHOLF, John F., Jr., Capt.
McCAY, Louis W., MTSGt.

GEORGIA

LASSITER, Charles P., Jr., 1st Lt.
PHARR, Albert H., Capt.

IDAHO

WHITE, Cecil M., Pvt.

ILLINOIS

BURNS, Edward J., PFC
GOALBY, Frank, Corp.
HENCH, John D., Capt.
LAGRO, Raymond P., PFC
ST. GERMAIN, Edwin D., PFC
WOOD, Cornelius T., SSgt.

IOWA

GILBERT, Richard H., Jr., Sgt.
WALLACE, Leroy A., Capt.

KANSAS

SAMPLES, Loren E., PFC

KENTUCKY

HOLBROOK, William E., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Willie C., PFC

MAINE

HARRIS, Ward K., 1st Lt.

MASSACHUSETTS

JACKSON, John F., Capt.
FARROW, Richard L., PFC
WINNARD, Albert R., Corp.

MICHIGAN

GRAUL, William D., 1st Lt.
HAYES, Richard S., Corp.
KING, Garth W., PFC
PARDUN, Bernard C., PFC
PATRICKUS, Arthur J., PFC
RAYOT, Charles H., Sgt.
SUTO, Steve, Jr., PFC
WHEELLOCK, Carl R., PFC
ZIMMERMAN, George F., Corp.

MINNESOTA

PUDIL, John J., PFC
GRANT, Granville R., Corp.

MISSISSIPPI

THERRELL, Jack, Sgt.

MISSOURI

BOWERS, Burnell C., SSgt.
WOODBURN, James H., 1st Lt.

NEW JERSEY

JONES, Gilbert, Sgt.
RUSSELL, Louis E., 1st Lt.

NEW YORK

DAGOSTINO, Michael J., PFC
DUFFIE, Gerald E., Sgt.
DUGNAN, James G., Sgt.
EDWARDS, John J., Corp.
FLABERTY, Gerard G., PFC
FLETMEYER, Howard, PFC
MCDONALD, John V., Corp.
McWAIN, Everett J., Corp.
NUWER, Francis X., Pvt.
OLSEN, Kenneth D., PFC
WELLS, Paul C., 1st Lt.

NORTH CAROLINA

BANKS, Thaddeus M., 1st Lt.
LYTLE, Willard M., Corp.

OHIO

HEMENWAY, Darwin E., PFC

OKLAHOMA

SANDERS, Joyce M., 1st Lt.
STOUT, Ira, PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

BALOG, William, PFC
BLOMMEN, Charles D., 2nd Lt.
BUBASH, Frank J., PFC
CARBERRY, Ralph A., PFC
DUNHAM, Charles M., Sgt.
FALLS, Donald E., Pvt.
NIECE, Norman L., Jr., 1st Lt.

RHODE ISLAND

CASHMAN, William B., PFC
GRIFFIN, James P., PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

GARRISON, Charles W., PFC

SOUTH DAKOTA

ALTFILLISCH, Albert A., Corp.
RYAN, Donald G., Capt.

TENNESSEE

JUST, Frank, Jr., 2nd Lt.
NELSON, Harold T., Corp.

TEXAS

LEACH, Jesse M., Jr., 1st Lt.

WASHINGTON

SHERMAN, Robert W., 1st Lt.

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin since December 7, 1941, to 14,784, which breaks down by classifications as follows:

Dead	4366
Wounded	7711
Missing	762
Prisoner of War	1945
	14,784

CORRECTION

Due to an error in machine tabulations at Headquarters, Marine Corps, PFC Robert H. Carstensen, of Iowa, was listed as Dead in the April LEATHER-NECK's Tarawa Honor Roll. His correct status is Wounded in Action.

EN

An Evening on Bougainville



He worked to save Meeker's life, unmindful of the snipers

ONE afternoon last December, during the fighting around Bougainville, Lieutenant George Watkins, a naval surgeon attached to a Marine battalion, was bothered by kibitzers as he worked in his Sick Bay just back of the front lines.

Now Dr. Watkins' Sick Bay was nothing but a big, square fixed foxhole. And the kibitzers were two Japanese snipers.

The snipers were somewhere in the banyan forest about a hundred yards back of the Sick Bay and they never fired except when the sound of their Nambu guns was covered by boom of automatic weapons on the front line. The snipers were unusually annoying because Dr. Watkins and his corpsmen were attempting to dig the foxhole much deeper so that they would have room for all the casualties expected from a fire fight that was going on down in the valley between Hills 600 and 1000.

Seven wounded men arrived first, three of them stretcher cases. Down in the valley in front of the Marine positions automatic weapons opened up in a big way. The snipers started firing and one of them shot the thumb off one of Dr. Watkins' patients. Otherwise, the snipers did no damage.

Since efficient aid had been given the seven wounded men on the battlefield by platoon corpsmen, none was in serious condition. But, about a half-hour later, a call came from the front lines for a doctor.

Dr. Watkins hurried down to the forward Marine positions. The medical man found that a miracle had taken place. PFC Maurice Meeker, a husky paramarine, had received a bullet wound in the head while on a patrol in the valley. The bullet had torn away a small portion of his skull, and while he was down, the Japanese had bayoneted him five times in the neck, chest and abdomen, and left him for dead.

Meeker had regained consciousness a few minutes later. He dragged himself through tangled banyan forest for 600 yards to a Marine outpost. Dr. Watkins thought:

"How did he do it. Wherein lies such reserve strength that a man, wounded as he was, could pull himself 600 yards over that slippery jungle trail?"

While he was thinking these things though, the naval surgeon was very busy. He adjudged that Meeker's condition was too poor to carry him up the hill to Sick Bay. So the patient was taken to an abandoned foxhole only 15 yards or so from the front lines.

Here there were more than two kibitzers—Jap snipers were all around and there was great danger of the wounded man, the surgeon and corpsmen being hit while they were working. They could not keep under cover like the fighters around them. Rain started falling and the bottom of the foxhole became muddy.

Forgetting the snipers and the rain, Dr. Watkins managed to get four units of plasma into the patient. He cleaned Meeker's wounds and dressed them. It grew darker and the corpsmen joined some ponchos together and spread them over the foxhole so that the doctor could work by jungle light without offering a good target for the snipers.

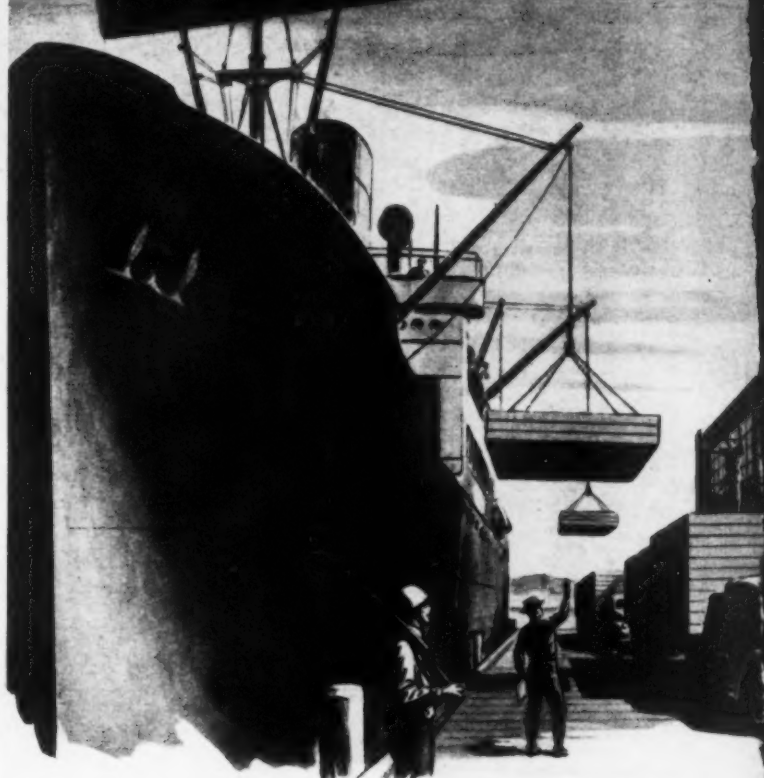
At dawn the next day, Meeker was still alive and seemed in much better condition. He was evacuated, with other casualties, to an island to the south. Dr. Watkins returned to his Sick Bay on the hill and prepared for another busy day. The corpsmen had dug in deeper, he found, and the two kibitzing Jap snipers were still around ready to fire whenever there was sufficient racket at the front.

A few weeks later, Dr. Watkins learned that Meeker had died in a hospital on the island to the south.

"That kid," said the doctor, "had the will-to-live, and he almost did despite wounds that would have killed ten lesser men."

FXT

HOW PERSONNEL HOUSING CAN BE SENT OVERSEAS



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The Victory Hut has proved itself abroad—both for ease of transportation and for living qualities. Although it can be erected in six man-hours or less, the Victory Hut is weathertight, durable and comfortable. By virtue of Air-Space insulation, it is cool in summer, warm in

winter—suitable for any season or climate. And because Victory Huts can be assembled in multi-units of 2, 3 or more, they can provide buildings of whatever size you need for any particular purpose.



Write or wire for details of the Victory Hut—it is immediately available in any quantity, and it will enable you to give your men modern, comfortable housing at a saving of \$30 to \$50 per man! For exact cost, indicate number of men to be accommodated

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Your Field Lesson:

How to field strip the Thompson Submachine Gun



Model 1928 A1, caliber .45

THE Thompson submachine gun, caliber .45, M1928A1, is one of the most destructive shoulder weapons Marines use for close-quarter fighting. It is air-cooled, recoil-operated, magazine-fed, and weighs 15¾ pounds with 50-round magazine. The gun may be fired full or semi-automatic and is especially effective

when used in dense jungle warfare.

Hot, soapy water is best for cleaning the bore, followed by dry patches and a sperm oil patch. All parts should be wiped and oiled. The steps in field-stripping the Thompson are demonstrated by Master Gunnery Sergeant Dominick Peschi, stationed at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.



1 The first step in field-stripping the Thompson is to move the bolt to the rearward position, then raise magazine catch, slide out magazine



2 Next the butt stock is removed by pressing in on the butt stock catch which will release the stock and allow it to slide towards the rear



3 Set safety at "fire" position and rocker pivot at "auto-matic" or "full auto" position



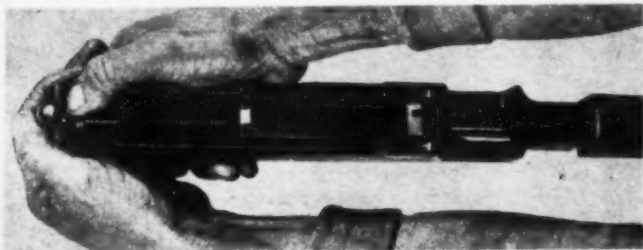
4 Pull the trigger, allow bolt to go ahead, retard it by holding the actuator knob



5 Use left thumb to depress frame latch. Tap frame and slide it towards the rear



6 Grasp receiver in left hand. Pull trigger and slide frame off to rear of the gun. If your safety is not set at "fire" and rocker pivot at "automatic" or "full auto" position, the bolt may be damaged, so check the safety and pivot positions



7 Holding receiver with left hand, use thumb to engage buffer pilot which projects beyond receiver. Press down on pilot with right thumb, engage flange of buffer with left thumb. If breech oiler follows, push back with right-hand fingers



8 Hold buffer pilot with thumb and forefinger of right hand and withdraw entire unit from receiver. Care should be used to obtain firm grip on spring, buffer pilot to stop recoil spring, which compressed, from springing out of one's hand



9 Take receiver, bottom up, with left hand. Slide bolt to rear, lift from receiver



10 Slide actuator forward with right hand, lifting out lock with left hand



11 Slide the actuator to the rear and turn the receiver over. Next step is to permit the actuator to drop into your hand. This will complete operations necessary to field-strip weapon

END



It's easy, chum, to get the Squirrels
It's something else to get the girls
Get wise, get LUX—that Active Lather
Makes female hearts a cinch to gather!



LOOK, JOE, that's no way to spend a nice Spring day! Do something and *fast* about that winter-beaten puss of yours. A good going-over with some rich Lux Soap suds will slick it up—give it that clean, smooth, *streamlined* look the girls go for. Luxurious Lux is at your P.X. Costs almost no dough—your only beef will be you didn't get some sooner!

Smooth skin
gives you higher rating
Lux Soap Care
Increases "dating"

The Editor's Report

How About Your Insurance?

HAVE you considered what to do with your G. I. insurance? You should! The reason is simple. Your National Service Life Insurance policy—and if you're an average Marine you've got one—is what is known as five-year insurance. Bluntly put, term insurance means that you put up a few dollars a month that you will die in that period against up to \$10,000 put up by the Government that you will not die.

Those are mighty good odds—the best in the world, in fact—particularly for men whose occupation is as hazardous as fighting Japs and Nazis. But, at the end of five years the policy automatically expires—unless you do something about it before that time.

What can you do? Any time after your policy is one year old, and before it expires, you can convert it into a regular life insurance policy or into an endowment policy.

In either event the premiums will be considerably higher, but you'll be getting more for your money as well as having lifetime protection instead of simply temporary protection. The increased premium is a form of savings; regular life and endowment policies build up cash values whereas term policies do not.

You can take either the endowment or regular life policy back into civilian life when the war is over and so long as you keep the premiums paid you're insured. For thousands of Marines, this converted G. I. insurance will be the only kind available—the experience of the last war showed that many servicemen return to civilian life with disabilities which make them ineligible for commercial policies.

To most Marines, so long as they are in service, the practicality of converting a G. I. policy may not be very real because of the added expense. It would be worth your time, however, to check with your insurance officer on the possibilities because there are two distinct advantages in converting as early as possible. One is that you start to build up a "nest egg" of cash value sooner; the other is that you get the ad-



You must take the initiative in converting G.I. insurance before policy expires at five years

vantage of lower premiums—the rate for either regular life or endowment insurance increases with the age of the purchaser.

Having a cash value on your policy when the war is over would be a handy thing—it would mean borrowing power either to keep the policy going or to get a new start in civilian life.

THAT'S the dope for you, Mac, and that brings us to another phase of the matter—the question of what should the Government do to help those servicemen who cannot convert their policies now or during the post-war reorientation period after their discharge to retain their G. I. insurance until they can convert it into permanent protection.

We think we speak the pitch of servicemen's feelings when we say that they don't want charity or special privilege, but that neither do they want to be squeezed economically before they can get readjusted to civilian life. At present, G. I. insurance cannot be continued as term insurance beyond the first five-year period. Some of the early policies issued to men who joined up before Pearl Harbor will be expiring within a year or so. An amendment to the law permitting one or two five-year extensions to these policies is urgently needed.

The amendment is needed, firstly, for those servicemen whose policies are nearing expiration. It is needed, secondly, to make possible continuation of the cheaper term insurance during the post-war transitional period for those servicemen who cannot afford the conversion to higher priced insurance until they get on their feet again financially.

The alternative is to court a repetition of what happened after the last war when thousands of men dropped their policies only to find that recurrent battle injuries and impaired health made them ineligible later to buy commercial insurance. The social-economic pattern of the nation cannot afford to have a large segment of servicemen with families but without insurance in the period following this war.



Thousands of Marines have taken advantage of Government insurance. Will your policy lapse?

BACK OF THE BOOK

O'SHEEL

The title for the article in this issue about the Bougainville supply depot on Puruata Island—"Life on a Bull's Eye," by Captain Patrick O'Sheel—is

the author's own. Captain O'Sheel ought to know; he not only wrote the article and took the excellent pictures illustrating it, he also was wounded in the battle for the last of the Solomons. Dartmouth graduate, the Captain served two years as an enlisted man, two more as an officer in the Reserve before coming to duty in 1942 as a Public Relations Officer. In between he edited a medical trade paper.



ENGELMAN

Just six days before his twenty-first birthday, Corporal Chester Engelman went to the Marine recruiting station in his home town of San Francisco and

signed up. That was 20 January 1942; the idea of a Shore Party Detachment for Marine divisions was then two months old. After boot camp and radio operators' school, from which he emerged with top marks, Engelman enthusiastically volunteered for this pioneer outfit. His enthusiasm for these toiling heroes behind the lines wasn't dimmed at Tarawa as you'll see by reading his story of his buddies, the Hurry, Hurry Boys, in this issue.



TREADWAY

PFC James Treadway, whose drawings appear in this issue under the title Combat Patrol, was graduated from high school in San Francisco and had just a

week's instruction in art school before joining the Corps in 1943. Qualifying as a paramarine, he went overseas in the Spring of that year. At one of the bases in the Pacific his work attracted the attention of his battalion's executive officer who gave him the job of painting murals of native girls for the officer's club. On patrol at Vella Lavella and during the battalion's bristling action on Bougainville, Treadway was a rifleman, but used all his spare time making rough paper and pencil drawings.



Picture Credits

Capt. P. O'Sheel, pp. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

Sgt. J. Birch, pp. 22, 23.

Sgt. J. Jolokai, p. 35.

Sgt. R. Wilton, pp. 38, 39.

Corp. S. DeTreville, pp. 78, 79.

Corp. F. Haskell, pp. 54, 55.

USMC by SSgt. J. Brenneis, pp. 30, 31, 32, 33

Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, pp. 62, 63.

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See this smart, new EVERSARP Presentation Set at your Ship's Service or Post Exchange.



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Hit that Beach!

Bill Bluejacket mans 'em—Johnny Doughboy rides 'em—and when these surf-jumping landing barges hit the beach, Uncle Sam's fighting men prove that

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!



HE STANDS UP—AND TAKES IT! With motors roaring, the first wave of Uncle Sam's landing craft races for the "invasion beach-head." The Navy coxswain at the wheel (*right rear*) is the man who is responsible for getting his craft and its soldiers on the beach at the right spot.



"FIRST WAVE ASHORE!" Down goes the ramp, and with a running jump, Johnny Doughboy lands in the shallows, races across wet sands for the dunes to dig in—and the "beach-head attack" is on! (Notice how soldiers immediately deploy to right and left on leaping from ramp.)

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

THEY'RE called the "Amphibious Forces," and they work together... play together... fight together, in the big, months-long job that winds up with those two simple words, "Beach-head taken!" Off duty, Johnny Doughboy and Bill Bluejacket have some of the same preferences, too—especially in cigarettes. For both of these two, at the left, it's a full-flavored, fresh Camel every time. *Fresh*, wherever they go—for Camels are packed to go round the world—to stay fresh anywhere.

Camel's
FRESH TASTE
clicks every
time!



Extra
MILD too—
Camels suit
me to a
'T'



THE "T-ZONE"—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

Camels

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